

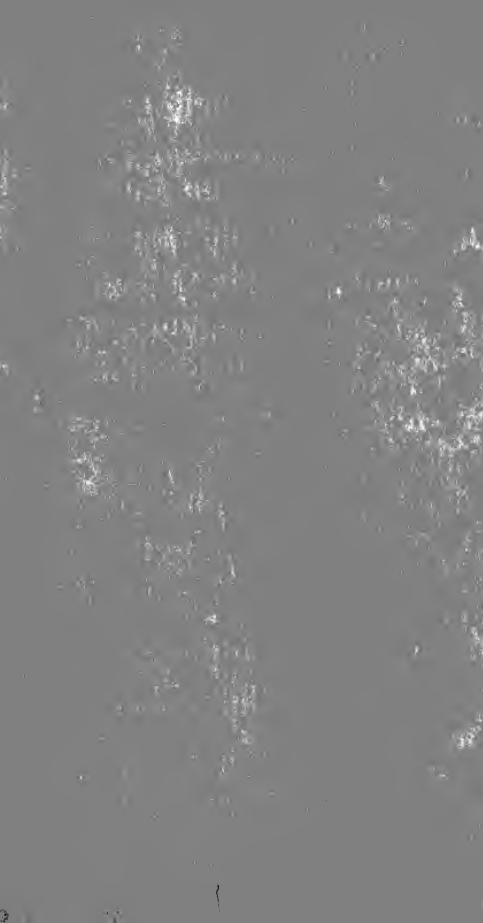


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Johnston Co. N.C.

1868



THE
HARTFORD SELECTION
OF
HYMNS.

FROM THE MOST APPROVED AUTHORS.

To which are added a number never before published

Compiled by

NATHAN STRONG, ABEL FLINT, and JOSEPH
STEWARD.

Published according to Act of Congress.

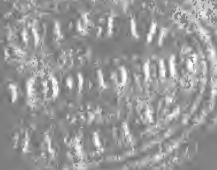
HARTFORD: PRINTED BY JOHN BABCOCK.

1799.

Hymn
1729

Hart

26 Co
5+8



P R E F A C E.

THERE are extant many Hymn Books containing excellent Hymns and Spiritual Songs. These books have their respective excellencies, and give credit to their authors or compilers. The demand for books of this kind having been very great of late, owing to the happy revival of religion in many towns in NEW-ENGLAND, several book-sellers applied to the Editors for advice, which of the many selections of hymns extant it would be most adviseable to reprint. On reviewing different compilations, with a view of answering this question, the Editors conceived that a volume might be compiled better adapted to the taste of pious minds in this country than any they have seen. They were urged to attempt such a selection by book-sellers, and also by several pious persons. An additional motive to this attempt was, an expectation that a small sum of money might be annually raised, from the sale of the books, for the support of MISSIONARIES in the new settlements.

In making this selection, the Editors have endeavored to adapt it to the use of Christians in their closets, families, and private religious meetings; and also to the feelings of persons in every state of religious impression.

The hymns of Dr. WATTS, that first of uninspired divine poets, are so universally dispersed, and

in such general use, that a less number have been taken from him than would otherwise have been the case. This volume is compiled principally from NEWTON, COWPER, DODDRIDGE, RIPPON'S Selection, and others not in common use. It contains also several original hymns, and many which have never appeared in any book of divine songs.

It will be observed, upon comparing these hymns with the volumes from which they are taken, that a number have been abridged, and some lines altered. The only apology which the Editors have to make for this is, that, in their judgment, such abridgements and alterations render this volume better adapted to the uses for which it was designed.

In this selection many singular metres will be found, tunes adapted to which are contained in the HARMONIA COELESTIS, a volume of music now publishing in Hartford, by Mr. Benjamin.

Hartford, July 3, 1799.



T H E
H A R T F O R D S E L E C T I O N
O F
H Y M N S.

H Y M N I. Long Metre.

The Unity of God. Deut. vi. 4.

ETERNAL God! Almighty cause
Of earth and seas and worlds unknown:
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possess;
Control'd by none are thy commands;
Thou from thyself alone art blest.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay;
All other Gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands;
Their idol-deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy command,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

HYMN II. C. M.

The Doctrine of the Trinity, and the Use of it.

Eph. ii. 18.

1. FATHER of glory, to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.
- 2 Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease ;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And dy'd to make our peace.
- 3 To thy Almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for Heaven.
- 4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honors and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.
- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise ;
Let saints in earth and Heaven combine,
In harmony and praise.

HYMN III. L. M.

The Eternity of God, and Man's Mortality.

Pfalm. xc.

- 1 LORD, thou hast been thy children's God,
All-powerful, wise and good, and just,
In every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust,
- 2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heavens abroad,

Or form'd the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.

3 Great father of eternity,
How short are ages in thy sight!
A thousand years, how swift they fly,
Like one short silent watch of night!

4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies!
Dream of an hour, how short our bloom!
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
And with true diligence apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

HYMN IV. C. M.

The Infinite God.

1 **THY** names, how infinite they be!
Great Everlasting one!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.

2 Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
And wond'rous large thy grace:
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

3 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 The mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds.

- 5 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
 And stretch from pole to pole,
 But half thy name our spirit fills,
 And overloads our soul.
- 6 In vain our haughty reason swells,
 For nothing's found in thee
 But boundless inconceivables,
 And vast eternity.
-

HYMN V. C. M.

The Omnipresence and Omniscience of God,

Psalm cxxxix.

- 1 LORD, thou with an unerring beam
 Surveyest all my powers ;
 My rising steps are watch'd by thee,
 By thee, my resting hours.
- 2 My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth,
 Great God, are known to thee ;
 Abroad, at home, still I'm inclos'd
 With thine immensity.
- 3 To thee the labyrinths of life
 In open view appear ;
 Nor steals a whisper from my lips
 Without thy listening ear.
- 4 Behind I glance, and thou art there ;
 Before me shines thy name ;
 And 'tis thy strong almighty hand
 Sustains my tender frame,
- 5 Such knowledge mocks the vain essays
 Of my astonish'd mind ;
 Nor can my reason's soaring eye
 Its towering summit find.

HYMN VI. C. M.

God's Dominion and Degrees.

- 1 KEEP silence all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod ;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree :
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave *to be*.
- 3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine ;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke
Fulfils some deep design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown ;
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God, the reason gives ;
Nor dares the favorite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.
- 7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the lamb !

HYMN VII. L. M.

The Unsearchable Wisdom of God.

- 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy maker's will,
 Tumultuous passions, all be still !
 Nor let a murmuring thought arise,
 His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
 Performs his work, the cause conceals ;
 But tho' his methods are unknown,
 Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven; and earth, and air, and seas,
 He executes his firm decrees ;
 And by his saints it stands confessed,
 That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
 Prostrate before his awful seat ;
 And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
 Trust in a wise and gracious God.

HYMN VIII. L. M.

The Loving-Kindness of the Redeemer.

Isa. lxiii. 7.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise ;
 He justly claims a song from me,
 His loving-kindness O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
 Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;
 He sav'd me from my lost estate,
 His loving-kindness O how great !
- 3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,

He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness O how strong !

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness O how good !

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Goon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O ! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away,
'To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

HYMN IX. Elevens.

The Mercy of God. Psa. lxxxix. 1.

1 THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, & the boast of my tongue ;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections & bound my soul fast.

2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair ;
But, thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy surpasses the sin of my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart,
Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

- 4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day
To the needy and poor, who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus' dear sake.
- 5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell ;
Its glories I'll sing and its wonders I'll tell :
'Twas Jesus the friend when he hung on the tree
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.
- 6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And covenant love of thy crucify'd son :
All praise to the spirit, whose action divine,
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine.

HYMN X. C. M.

The Holiness of God. Isa. viii. 13.

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King ;
Thrice holy Lord ! the angels cry,
Thrice holy, let us sing.
- 2 Heaven's brightest lamps with him compar'd,
How mean thy look, and dim !
The fairest angels have their spots,
When once compar'd with him.
- 3 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight ;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.
- 4 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God ;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.
- 5 With sacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;

A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

6 Thou, holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free;

The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

H Y M N XI. L. M.

God exalted above all Praise.

1 ETERNAL Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 The lowest step about thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall Arch-angel tries
To reach the height with wondering eyes.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4 Earth, from afar, has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lift thy name;
But Oh, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in Heaven, but man below;
Be short our tunes, our words be few:
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN XII. As 113th Psa.

God's Name proclaimed. Exodus xxxiv. 6—8.

- 1 ATTEND, my soul, the voice divine,
 And mark what beaming glories shine
 Around thy condescending God!
 'To us, to us, he still proclaims
 His awful, his endearing names:
 Attend, and found them all abroad.
- 2 "JEHOVAH I, the sov'reign LORD,
 "The mighty GOD, by Heav'n ador'd,
 "Down to the earth my footsteps bend:
 "My heart the tend'rest pity knows,
 "Goodness full-streaming wide o'erflows,
 "And grace and truth shall never end.
- 3 "My patience long can crimes endure:
 "My pard'ning love is ever sure,
 "When penitential sorrow mourns;
 "To Millions, thro' unnumber'd years,
 "New hope and new delight it bears;
 "Yet wrath against the sinner burns.."
- 4 Make haste, my soul, the vision meet,
 All-prostrate at thy sov'reign's feet,
 And drink the tuneful accents in;
 Speak on, my LORD, repeat the voice;
 Diffuse these heart-expanding joys,
 Till Heav'n compleat the rapt'rous scene.

HYMN XIII. L. M.

*The Mutability of the Creation, and the Immutability
 of God. Psa. cii. 25—28.*

- 1 GREAT Former of this various frame,
 Our souls adore thine awful name;
 And bow and tremble, while they praise
 The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Thou, Lord, with unsurpris'd survey,
Saw'st nature rising yesterday ;
And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light ;
Which shines with undiminish'd ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.

4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with ev'ry circling sun ;
And in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

5 But let the creatures fall around ;
Let death consign us to the ground :
Let the last gen'ral flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies :

6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

HYMN XIV. L. M.

God's Goodness to the Children of Men.

Psa. cvii. 31.

1 YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord ;
And let his pow'r and goodness sound
Thro' all your tribes the earth around.

2 Let the high heav'ns your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that shine from pole to pole.

3 Sing earth in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flow'rs, its fruit and shade ;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Fishes and fowls, and beasts and worms.

4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns ;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave His goodness shines

5. But O ! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love !
God's only Son in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.

6 Thither, my soul, with rapture fear ;
There in the Land of Praise adore ;
This theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an undecaying day.

HYMN XV. As 113th Psa.

The Eternal God his People's Refuge and Support.

Deut. xxxiii. 27.

1 BEHOLD the great eternal God,
Spreads everlasting arms abroad,
And calls our souls to shelter there.
Wonders of mingled pow'r and grace,
To all his Israel he displays,
Guarded from danger, and from fear.

2 Thither my feeble soul shall fly,
When terrors press, and death is nigh,
And there will I delight to dwell :
On that high tow'r I rear my head,
Serene, nor knows my heart to dread,
Amidst surrounding hosts of hell.

- 3 The shadow of th' Almighty's wings
 Composure unmolested brings,
 While threat'ning horrors round me crowd;
 In vain the storms of rattling hail
 The walls of this retreat assail,
 And the wild tempest roars aloud.
- 4 In louder strains my fearless tongue
 Shall warble its victorious song,
 My Father's graces to proclaim;
 He bears his infant offspring on
 To glory radiant as his throne,
 And joys eternal as his name.

 HYMN XVI. Eights and Sevens.

To the Blessed Spirit.

- 1 HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night:
 Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
 Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!
 Loving SPIRIT, GOD of peace,
 Great distributor of grace,
 Rest upon this congregation!
 Hear, O hear our supplication.
- 2 From that height which knows no measure,
 As a gracious show'r descend:
 Bringing down the richest treasure
 Man can wish, or GOD can send.
 O thou GLORY shining down
 From the FATHER and the SON,
 Grant us thy illumination!
 Rest upon this congregation.
- 3 Come, thou best of all donations
 GOD can give, or we implore;
 Having thy sweet consolations,
 We need wish for nothing more:

Come thou unction and with pow'r,
 On our souls thy graces show'r;
 Author of the new creation,
 Make our hearts thy habitation.

4 Manifest thy love for ever,
 Fence us in on ev'ry side
 In distress, be our reliever;
 Guard and teach, support and guide:
 Let thy kind, effectual grace
 Turn our feet from evil ways;
 Show thyself our new Creator,
 And conform us to Thy nature.

5 Be our friend, on each occasion;
 GOD, omnipotent to save!
 When we die, be our salvation;
 When we're buried, be our grave:
 And, when from the grave we rise,
 Take us up above the skies;
 Seat us with thy saints in glory,
 There for ever to adore Thee.

HYMN XVII. *Sevens.*

Invocation of the Holy Spirit.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine!
 Let thy light within me shine;
 All my guilty fears remove,
 Fill me full of heav'n and love,

2 Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me,
 Set the burthen'd sinner free;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God,
 Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
 Seal Salvation on my heart:

Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

HYMN XVIII. C. M.

The All-seeing God.

1 ALMIGHTY GOD, thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the Judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there,
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie,
Upwards I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

6 O may I now forever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great GOD can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.

HYMN XIX. L. M.

Thoughts on God and Death.

1 THERE is a GOD that reigns above,
 Lord of the heav'n and earth and seas,
 I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
 And with my lips I sing his praise.

2 There is a law which he has writ,
 To teach us all that we must do ;
 My soul to his commands submit,
 For they are holy, just, and true.

3 There is a gospel rich in grace,
 Whence finners all their comforts draw,
 Lord I repent and seek thy face,
 For I have often broke thy law.

4 There is an hour when I must die,
 Nor do I know how soon 'twill come ;
 How many younger much than I
 Have pass'd by death to hear their doom.

5 Let me improve the hours I have,
 Before the day of grace is fled ;
 There's no repentance in the grave,
 Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

HYMN XX. C. M.

A Song to Creating Wisdom.

1 ETERNAL wisdom, thee we praise,
 Thee the creation sings:
 With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
 And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand how wide it spread the sky !
 How glorious to behold !
 Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.

- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 4 Infinite strength, and equal skill
Shine thro' the worlds abroad !
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.
- 5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move ;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

H Y M N XXI. L. M.

The safety of trusting in God's wise Providence.

- 1 **THY** ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
And every dark or bending line,
Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view,
Not knowing that they all are sure,
And, tho' mysterious, just and true.
- 3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
Tho' now they seem to roam un-ey'd,
Are led by power and goodness where
They best, and safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know nor trace the way,
But guided by thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
- 5 My favor'd soul shall meekly learn,
To lay her reason at thy throne ;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

HYMN XXII. L. M.

Providence equitable and kind. Psa. cvii.

- 1 THRO' all the various shifting scenes,
Of life's mistaken good or ill;
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
Our changes by thy sov'reign will.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or power,
Fix we on this terrestrial ball?
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou see fit, may blast them all.
- 4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.
- 5 Thy gracious consolations cheer,
Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd sigh,
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
That secret wets th' afflicted eye.
- 6 All things on earth, and all in heaven
On thy eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
And all shall in thy glory end.
- 7 This be my care; to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be;
Passion be calm; and dumb be pride,
And fix'd, O God, my soul on thee.

HYMN XXIII. C. M.

*The Mysteries of Providence; or, light shining out
of darkness.*

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN XXIV. C. M.

Mysteries to be explained hereafter. John xiii. 7.

- 1 GREAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or cloth'd with dazzling light.

- 2 The wond'rous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye ;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.
- 3 But in the world of blifs above,
Where thou dost ever reign,
These mysteries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.
- 4 The sun of righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

 HYMN XXV. S. M.

Exhortation to trust in Providence.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismay'd,
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
• God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears the way ;
• Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart,
Still sink thy spirits down ;
• Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
- 4 What tho' thou rulest not,
Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell,
• Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

5 Leave to his^hsov'reign sway
To chuse, and to command,
So shalt thou wond'ring own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!

6 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needless fear.

7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking heart,
Confirm the feeble knee.

8 Let us in life, in death,
Thy stedfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

H Y M N XXVI. C. M.

Divine Knowledge from Creation.

- 1 THE book of nature open lies,
With much instruction stor'd;
But till the LORD anoints our eyes,
We cannot read a word.
- 2 The knowledge of the saints excels
The wisdom of the schools;
To them his secrets God reveals,
Tho' men account them fools.
- 3 To them the sun and stars on high,
The flow'rs that paint the field,
And all the artless birds that fly,
Divine instruction yield.
- 4 The creatures on their senses press,
As witnesses to prove

Their Saviour's pow'r and faithfulness,
His providence and love.

5 Thus may we study nature's book,
To make us wise indeed!

And pity those who only look
At what they cannot read.

HYMN XXVII. C. M.

The Fall of Man. Genesis, chap. iii.

1 ON man, in his own image made,
How much did God bestow;

The whole creation homage paid,
And own'd him, lord below!

2 But oh! by sin how quickly chang'd!
His peace and honor fled,

His heart from GOD and truth estrang'd,
His conscience fill'd with dread!

3 Now from his Maker's voice he fled,
Which was before his joy;

And thought to hide his guilty head,
From an all-seeing eye.

4 Compell'd to answer to his name,
With stubbornness and pride

He cast on God himself the blame,
Nor once for mercy cry'd.

5 But grace, unask'd his heart subdu'd,
And all his guilt forgave;

By faith the promis'd seed he view'd,
And felt its pow'r to save.

HYMN XXVIII. L. M.

Original Sin ; or, The first and second Adam.

- 1 ADAM our father and our head,
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead;
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no-reprieve nor pardon there.
- 2 Call a bright council in the skies;
Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
Speak; are you strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God?
- 3 In vain we ask; for all around
Stand silent thro' the heavenly ground;
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength, or half the love.
- 4 But O! unmeasurable grace!
The eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.
- 5 Amazing work! lock down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye saints below, and saints above,
All bow to this mysterious love.

HYMN XXIX. S. M.

The evil Heart. Jer. xvii. 9. Matt. xv. 19.

- 1 ASTONISH'D and distress'd,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppress,
The seat of every sin.
- 2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

- 3 Almighty King of saints.
 These tyrant lusts subdue;
 Expel the darkness of my mind,
 And all my powers renew.
- 4 This done, my cheerful voice
 Shall loud hosannas raise;
 My soul shall glow with gratitude,
 My lips proclaim thy praise.

HYMN XXX. L. M.

Sin and Holiness.

- 1 WHAT jarring natures dwell within,
 Imperfect grace, remaining sin!
 Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
 Tho' each by turns my heart assail.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan and die,
 Now raise my songs of triumph high,
 Sing a rebellious passion slain,
 Or mourn to feel it live again.
- 3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
 Borne upwards to my native skies,
 While faith assists my soaring flight
 To realms of joy, and worlds of light.
- 4 Great God, assist me thro' the fight,
 Make me triumphant in thy might;
 Thou the desponding heart canst raise,
 The victory mine, and thine the praise.

HYMN XXXI. L. M.

The Law and Gospel; or, Christ a Refuge.

- 1 DREAD Sinia roars, "the man be curst,
 "That doth one wilful sin commit:
 "Death and damnation for the first,
 "Without relief, and infinite."

2 Thus flames the mount ! and round the earth
 Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings :
 But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
 And Calvary say gentler things :

3 “ Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
 “ Streaming along a Saviour’s blood,
 “ And life, and joys, and crowns above,
 “ Obtain’d by a dear bleeding God.”

4 Hark, how he prays (the charming sound
 Dwells on his dying lips) “ forgive ;”
 And every groan and gaping wound
 Cries, “ Father, let the rebels live.”

5 Go, you that rest upon the law,
 And toil, and seek salvation there,
 Look to the flame that Moses saw,
 And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

6 But I’ll retire beneath the cross,
 Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie ;
 And the keen sword that Justice draws,
 Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

H Y M N XXXII. C. M.

Harmony of the Divine Perfections.

1 SALVATION ! what a glorious plan :
 How suited to our needs !
 The grace that raises fallen man,
 Our highest praise exceeds.

2 ’Twas wisdom form’d the vast design,
 To ransom us when lost ;
 And love’s unfathomable mine
 Provided all the cost.

3 Strict justice, with approving look,
 The holy cov’nant seal’d ;

And truth and pow'r both undertook
The whole should be fulfill'd.

4 Truth, wisdom, justice, pow'r and love,
In all their glory shone ;

When Jesus left the courts above,
And dy'd to save his own.

5 Truth, wisdom, justice, pow'r and love,
Are equally display'd ;

Now Jesus reigns enthron'd above
Our advocate and head.

6 Now sin appears deserving death,
Most hateful and abhor'd ;

And yet the sinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the Lord.

HYMN XXXIII. L. M.

Divinity of Christ. John i. 1. 3. 14. and Col. i. 16.
and Eph. iii. 9. 10.

1 ERE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word ;
With God he was, the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r were all things made ;
By him supported all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars.
Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years !

4 But lo, he leaves those heav'nly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.

- 5 Mortals with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son ;
How full of truth, how full of grace,
When through his eyes the Godhead shone.
- 6 Archangels leave their high abode,
'To learn new myst'ries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Emmanuel.

HYMN XXXIV. *Sevens**Praise for the Incarnation.*

- 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows,
Charm me in Emmanuel's name ;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When he came the angels sung,
" Glory be to God on high ;"
Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,
Who shall louder sing than I ?
- 3 Did the LORD a man become,
That he might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
Canst thou then, my tongue, be still ?
- 4 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak ;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour, Shield and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, glorious Friend ;
Ev'ry precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

HYMN XXXV. C. M.

Atonement and Sanctification.

- 1 ALAS! by nature how deprav'd,
How prone to ev'ry ill!
Our lives to Satan how enslav'd,
How obstinate our will!
- 2 And can such sinners be restor'd,
Such rebels reconcil'd!
Can grace sufficient means afford
To make the foe a child!
- 3 Yes, grace has found the wond'rous means
Which shall effectual prove;
To cleanse us from our countless sins,
And teach our hearts to love.
- 4 JESUS for us a ransom paid,
And dy'd that we might live;
His blood a full atonement made,
And cr'd aloud, FORGIVE.
- 5 Yet one thing more must grace provide,
To bring us home to God;
Or we shall slight the Lord, who dy'd,
And trample on his blood.
- 6 The holy Spirit must reveal
The Saviour's work and worth;
Then the hard heart begins to feel
A new and heav'nly birth.
- 7 Thus bought with blood, and born again,
Redeem'd and sav'd by grace;
Rebels in God's own house obtain
A son's and daughter's place.

HYMN XXXVI. L. M.

The Gospel of Christ.

- 1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
 Makes his eternal councils known;
 'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
 And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners of an humble frame
 May taste his grace and learn his name;
 'Tis writ in characters of blood,
 Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
 His soul-attracting charms displays,
 Recounts his poverty and pains,
 And tells his love in melting strains.
- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
 To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
 Its influence makes the sinner live,
 It bids the drooping faints revive.
- 5 Our raging passion it controls,
 And comfort yields to contrite souls;
 It brings a better world in view,
 And guides us all our journey through.
- 6 May this blest volume ever lie
 Close to my heart, and near my eye,
 'Till life's last hour my soul engage,
 And be my chosen heritage!

HYMN XXXVII. As 148th Psa.

The Jubilee.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound!
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:

The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:

The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:

The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Jesus our great high priest,
His full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits rest;
Ye mournful souls be glad!

The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

H Y M N XXXVIII. Eights and Sixes.

Christ's Infancy.

1 O SIGHT of anguish! view it near,
What weeping innocence is here,
A manger for his bed!
The brutes yield refuge to his woe,
Men the worst brutes no pity show,
Nor give him friendly aid.

- 2 Why do no rapid thunders roll?
 Why do no tempests rock the pole?
 O miracle of grace!
 Or why no angels on the wing,
 Warm for the honors of their King,
 To punish all the race?
- 3 Though now an infant bath'd in tears,
 He call'd to form the rolling spheres;
 And seraphs own'd his nod.
 Helpless he calls, but men delay;
 And guilty sinners disobey
 The earth-born Son of God.
- 4 Say, radiant seraphs, thron'd in light,
 Did love e'er tow'r so high a flight,
 Or glory sink so low?
 This wonder angels scarce declare,
 Angels the rapture scarce can bear,
 Or equal praise bestow.
- 5 Redemption! 'tis a boundless theme!
 Thou boundless mind, our hearts inflame
 With ardor from above.
 Words are but faint, let joy express;
 Vain is mere joy, let actions bless
 This prodigy of love.

 HYMN XXXIX. C. M.

The glorious Gospel. I Tim, I. II.

- 1 WHAT wisdom, majesty, and grace,
 Thro' all the gospel shine!
 'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
 The doctrine most divine.
- 2 Down from his starry throne on high,
 Th' almighty Saviour comes;
 Lays his bright robes of glory by,
 And feeble flesh assumes.

- 3 The mighty debt that sinners ow'd,
 Upon the cross he pays :
 Then thro' the clouds ascends to God,
 Midst shouts of loftiest praise.
- 4 There he our great High Priest appears
 Before his Father's throne :
 Mingles his merit with our tears,
 And pours salvation down.
- 5 Great God, with rev'rence we adore
 Thy justice and thy grace :
 And on thy faithfulness and power
 Our firm dependance place.

 HYMN XL. L. M.

Election. Rom. viii. 33—39.

- 1 WHO shall condemn to endless flames
 The chosen people of our God ;
 Since in the book of life their names
 Are fairly writ in Jesu's blood.
- 2 He, for the sins of his elect,
 Hath a complete atonement made :
 Stern Justice views without defect
 The work he wrought, the price he paid.
- 3 Not tribulation, nakedness,
 The famine, peril, or the sword ;
 Not persecution, or distress,
 Can separate from Christ the Lord.
- 4 Nor life, nor death, nor depth nor height,
 Nor powers below, nor powers above ;
 Not present things, nor things to come,
 Can change his purposes of love.
- 5 His sovereign mercy knows no end,
 His faithfulness shall still endure :

And those who on his truth depend,
Shall find his word for ever sure.

HYMN XLII. L. M.

Electing and Sanctifying Grace. Eph. i. 3; &c.

1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name:
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heav'nly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners thro' his Son!

2 "Christ be my first elect," he said,
Then chose our souls in Christ our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundation for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin,
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
"Blameless in love, a holy seed."

4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

5 With Christ our Lord we share a part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
'Till he forgets his first lov'd.

HYMN XLII. SEVENS.

Redeeming Love.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name:
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,

As to Canaan on ye move.
Praise and blefs redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing flaves of death and fin,
Now from blifs no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When his spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove,
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

HYMN XLIII. Eights and Sevens.

Look unto Jesus, and be saved.

1 AS the serpent rais'd by Moses
Heal'd the burning serpent's bite,
JESUS thus himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight.

2 Hear his gracious invitation,
"I have life and peace to give,
I have wrought out full salvation,
Sinner look to me and live.

3 Pore upon your sins no longer,
Well I know their mighty guilt;
But my love than death is stronger,
I my blood have freely spilt:

4 Though your heart has long been harden'd,
 Look on me—it soft shall grow :
 Past transgressions shall be pardon'd,
 And I'll wash you white as snow.

5 I have seen what you were doing ;
 Tho' you little thought of me ;
 You were madly bent on ruin,
 But I said—It shall not be.

6 You had been for ever wretched,
 Had I not espous'd your part ;
 Now behold my arms outstretched,
 To receive you to my heart.

7 Well may shame, and joy, and wonder
 All your inward passions move ;
 I could crush thee with my thunder,
 But I speak to thee in love.

8 See ! your sins are all forgiv'n,
 I have paid the countless sum !
 Now my death has open'd heav'n,
 Thither you shall shortly come.

9 Dearest Saviour, we adore thee
 For thy precious life and death ;
 Melt each stubborn heart before thee,
 Give us all the eye of faith :

10 From the law's condemning sentence,
 To thy mercy we appeal ;
 Thou alone canst give repentance,
 Thou alone our souls canst heal.

H Y M N XLIV. Sevens and Sixes.

Christ the good Physician.

1 HOW lost was my condition,
 Till JESUS made me whole !
 There is but one physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul !

Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave;
To tell to all around me,
His wond'r ous pow'r to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compar'd with sin;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within:
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness—all combin'd;
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain:
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost,
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd;
Then bid me look unto him;
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen JESUS,
Seen by the eye of faith;
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death:
Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look and live.

HYMN XLV. Tens and Elevens.

Fountain opened for Sinners. Zec. xiii. 1.

- 1 THE fountain of Christ, lord, help us to sing:
The blood of our priest, our crucify'd king;
The fountain that cleanses from sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses Salvation and health.
- 2 This fountain so dear he'll freely impart;
When pierc'd by the spear, it flow'd from his
heart;
With blood and with water, the first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter; the fountain's but one.
- 3 This fountain from guilt not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt, infallible cure;
But if guilt removed, return and remain,
Its power may be proved again and again.
- 4 This fountain unseal'd stands open for all,
Who long to be heal'd, the great and the small;
Here's strength for the weakly that hither are led;
Here's health for the sickly, and life for the dead.
- 5 This fountain tho' rich, from charge is quite
clear,
The poorer—the wretch, the welcomer here:
Come needy, and guilty, come leathsome, and
bare;
Tho' lep'rous and filthy, come just as you are.
- 6 This fountain in vain has never been try'd,
It takes out all stain whenever apply'd:
The fountain flows sweetly with virtue divine,
'To cleanse souls completely, tho' lep'rous as mine.

HYMN XLVI. C. M.

The fountain of Christ's Blood.

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, as vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN XLVII. S. M.

The Sufferings of Divine Love.

- 1 MY dear Redeemer see,
 Forsaken and forlorn;
 Drinking the vinegar and gall,
 And crown'd with ragged thorn.
- 2 They pierc'd him to the heart,
 Oh let me view the wound!
 And count the precious, flowing drops,
 That stain the thirsty ground.

- 3 Ah! who could mar thee thus,
That never didst offend?
How could a sinful world combine
Against the finner's friend?
- 4 They needed not the spear
To shed my Saviour's blood;
Love would have burst his tender heart,
Whilst mercy pour'd the flood.
- 5 O copious, healing stream!
Though urg'd by hostile hand;
From evil springs the mighty good,
That cleanses Judah's land.

HYMN XLVIII. C. M.

The Inspired Word a System of Knowledge and Joy.
Psa. cxix. 105.

- 1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

HYMN XLIX. L. M.

The Usefulness of the Scriptures, Psalm xix.

- 1 WHEN Israel thro' the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them thro' the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God,
 'Tis for our light and guidance given;
 It sheds a lustre all abroad,
 And points the path to bliss and heaven.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
 And quickens its inactive powers,
 It sets our wandering footsteps right,
 Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,
 Its doctrines are divinely true;
 Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
 It comforts, and instructs us too.

5 Ye favor'd lands, who have this word,
 Ye saints, who feel its saving power,
 Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
 And his distinguish'd grace adore.

H Y M N L. C. M.

The excellency and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines!
 For ever be thy name ador'd,
 For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find;
 Riches, above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast,
 Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
 Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around;

- And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!
- 6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there,
-

HYMN LI. C. M.

Comfort from the Holy Scriptures.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I beheld my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where sense and reason fail:
My guide to everlasting life,
Thro' all this gloomy vale.

6 Oh! may thy counsels, mighty God,
 My roving feet command,
 Nor I forsake the happy road
 That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN LII. C. M.

Efficacious Grace. Psalm xlv. 3—5.

1 HAIL! mighty Jesus; how divine
 Is thy victorious sword!
 The stoutest rebel must resign,
 At thy commanding word.

2 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give;
 They pierce the hardest heart:
 Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
 And joy succeeds to smart.

3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
 Come with majestic sway:
 Down from thy glorious throne on high,
 And make thy foes obey.

4 And when thy victories are complete;
 When all the chosen race
 Shall round the throne of glory meet,
 To sing thy conquering grace;

5 O may my humble soul be found
 Among that favor'd band!
 And I, with them, thy praise will sound
 As round the throne we stand.

HYMN LIII. C. M.

Reigning Grace.

1 NOW may the Lord reveal his face,
 And teach our stamm'ring tongues
 To make his sov'reign, reigning grace,
 The subject of our songs!

- 2 Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,
To melt the hardest hearts ;
And from the work it once begins
It never more departs.
- 3 Grace tills the soil, and sows the seeds,
Provides the sun and rain ;
Till from the tender blade proceeds,
The ripen'd harvest grain.
- 4 'Twas grace that call'd our souls at first
By grace thus far we're come,
And grace will help us thro' the worst,
And lead us safely home.

 HYMN LIV. S. M.

Salvation by grace from first to last. Eph. ii. 5.

- 1 GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound ! —
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps his grace display,
Who drew the wondrous plan.
- 4 [Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book ;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.]
- 4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road :
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 5 [Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow :

"Twas grace which kept me to this day
And will not let me go.]

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN LV. L. M.

God reasoning with Men. Isaiah i. 18.

1 COME, sinners, saith the mighty God,
Benign as all your crimes have been,
Lo ! I descend from mine abode,
To reason with the sons of men.

2 No clouds of darkness veil my face,
No vengeful lightnings flash around :
I come with terms of life and peace ;
Where sin hath reign'd let grace abound.

3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,
And to thy gracious sceptre bow ;
O make our crimson sins like wool,
Our scarlet crimes as white as snow.

5 So shall our thankful lips repeat
Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
While humbly prostrate at thy feet,
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

HYMN LVI. Eights and Sevens.

Sinners invited to come to Christ.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;

Jesus ready stands to save you,

Fell of pity join'd with power :

He is able,

He is willing. Doubt no more !

2 Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify :

True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—

Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fables fondly dream;

All the *fitness* he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him :

This he gives you ;
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall!

If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View him prostrate in the garden,
On the ground your Maker lies!

On the bloody tree behold him ;
Hear him cry before he dies,

“ It is FINISH'D : ”
Sinners, will not *this* suffice ?

6 Lo th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood ;

Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude.

None but Jesus
Can our helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb :

While the blessed seats of Heaven
Solely echo with his name.

Hallelujah!
Sinners, here may sing the same.

HYMN LVII. C. M.

Expostulation with Sinners.

- 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard ;
'Tis mercy speaks today ;
He calls you by his sov'reign word,
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace ;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell ;
Why will you persevere ?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair ?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go ?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal woe.
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Thro' his abounding grace ;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin ;
Submit to him your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.
- 7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts
He pardons like a God ;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Thro' a Redeemer's blood.

HYMN LVIII. C. M.

God glorious, and Sinners saved, Isai. xlv. 23.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!

How high thy wonders rise!

Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,

By thousand thro' the skies.

2 But when we view thy strange design

To save rebellious worms,

Where vengeance and compassion join,

In their divinest forms;

3 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe;

We love and we adore;

The first arch-angel never saw

So much of God before.

4 Here the whole Deity is known,

Nor dares a creature guess

Which of the glories brightest shone,

The justice or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb

Adorn the heav'nly plains;

Sweet cherubs learn *Emmanuel's* name,

And try their choicest strains.

6 O may I bear some humble part

In that immortal song!

Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,

And love command my tongue.

HYMN LIX. L. M.

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

1 TO break the chains of sin and death,

Our glorious Jesus yields his breath:

How strange the conquest, strange to tell,

By death he conquers *death* and *hell*.

2 While standing in the sinner's stead,
Billows of wrath roll o'er his head ;
Light from the Godhead is withdrawn,
And Jesus drinks the cup alone.

3 Legions of angels fill the skies,
While our Redeemer bleeds and dies :
All nature reels beneath the load,
And trembling speaks the wrath of God.

4 The rocks are with convulsions torn,
And all the heav'ns in sackcloth mourn :
But lo! when the third morning comes,
Emmanuel rising, leaves the tombs.

5 The rising God let angels sing,
The heavens with Hallelujahs ring :
" Worthy the Lamb, who once was slain
Let him in pow'r and glory reign."

6 Hail happy morn, which sees him rise,
We shout him welcome to the skies,
Welcome to glories all his own,
And welcome to his father's throne.

HYMN LX. C. M.

The heart new created.

1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories shew ;
Behold he sits upon his throne,
Creating all things new.

2 Mighty Redeemer ! set me free
From my own state of sin ;
Oh make my soul alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within.

3 Open mine eyes, unstop my ears,
And form my heart afresh ;

Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

4 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell.

In the new world that grace has made,
I would forever dwell.

HYMN LXI. L. M.

*Faith connected with salvation, Rom. i. 16.
Heb. x. 39.*

1 NOT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heav'n:
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiv'n.

2 Not the best deeds that we have done,
Can make a wounded conscience whole:
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heav'nly word,
Fain would I have my soul renew'd:
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord,
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.

4 O may thy grace its pow'r display,
Let guilt and death no longer reign:
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

HYMN LXII. L. M.

*Human righteousness insufficient to justify.
Mic. vi. 6—8.*

1 WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
Or bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
 Will multiply'd oblations please?
 'Thousand's of rams his favor buy,
 Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?

3 Can these assuage the wrath of God?
 Can these wash out my guilty stain?
 Rivers of oil, or seas of blood,
 Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 Guilty, I stand before thy face;
 My sole desert is hell and wrath;
 'Twere just the sentence should take place;
 But Oh, I plead my Saviour's death!

5 I plead the merits of thy son
 Who dy'd for sinners on the tree;
 I plead his righteousness alone,
 O put the spotless robe on me.

 HYMN LXIII. C. M.

God's command to all men to repent. Acts xvii. 30.

1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
 Nor longer dare delay:
 The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
 And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sov'reign eye of God
 O'erlooks the crimes of men;
 His heralds are dispatch'd abroad
 To warn the world of sin.

3 Together in his presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess;
 Accept the offer'd favour now,
 Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to his bar:

For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts subdu'd by goodness fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

HYMN LXIV. C. M.

The penitent.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
Forbid it that omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

HYMN LXV. L. M.

The repenting Prodigal. Luke xv. 32.

+ 1 LO! what a rapturous joy possest
The tender parent's throbbing breast,
To see his spendthrift son return,
And hear him his past follies mourn.

+ See the End of the Book

2 He meets, with tokens of his grace,
The trembling lip, the blushing face ;
His bowels yearn when sinners pray,
And mercy bears their sins away.

3 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
He, pitying, heals their broken frame ;
He hears their sad complaints, and spies
His image in their weeping eyes.

4 Thus, what a rapturous joy possess
The tender parent's throbbing breast,
To see his spendthrift son return,
And hear him his past follies mourn.

HYMN LXVI C. M.

The Ministry of Christ, Luke iv. 18, 19.

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes
The Saviour promis'd long !

Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him, the spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;

And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad *Hofannas*, prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim :
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN LXVII. C. M.

The attraction of the Cross. John xii. 32.

1 YONDER—amazing fight !—I see
Th' incarnate son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run,
Down from his hands and head :
The crimson tide puts out the sun ;
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky
Proclaim the truth aloud ;
And with the amaz'd centurion cry,
“ *This is the Son of God.*”

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive :
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O that these cords of love divine,
Might draw me, Lord, to thee !
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be !

HYMN LXVIII. L. M.

A dying Saviour.

1 STRETCH'D on the cross the Saviour dies,
Hark! his expiring groans arise:
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes.

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart!
'Till all its pow'rs and passions move
In melting grief, and ardent love.

HYMN LXIX. Sevens.

Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death yield up thy mighty prey:
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom. *Hallelujah.*

2 'Tis the Saviour, angels, raise
Him's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound. *Hallelujah.*

3 Now, ye faints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise,
By long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high. *Hallelujah.*

4 Heav'n displays her portals wide,
 Glorious Saviour, thro' them ride :
 King of glory, mount thy throne,
 Thy great Father's and thy own. *Hallelujah.*

5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
 Praise and sweep your golden lyres ;
 Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
 Let the strains be sweet and strong. *Hallelujah.*

6 Ev'ry note with wonders swell,
 Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell ;
 Where is hell's once dreaded king ?
 Where, O death, thy mortal sting! *Hallelujah.*

 HYMN LXX. L. M.

Christ's Resurrection a Pledge of ours.

1 WHEN I the holy grave survey,
 Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie ;
 I see fulfill'd what prophets say,
 And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
 How weak the bands of conquer'd death :
 Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name
 Shall rise, and draw immortal breath.

3 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
 Unseals his eyes to sleep no more ;
 And ever lives, their cause to plead,
 For whom the pains of death he bore.

4 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold ;
 See the rich diadem he wears !
 Thou too shalt bear an harp of gold,
 'To crown thy joy when he appears.

5 Though in the dust I lay my head,
 Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
 My flesh forever with the dead,
 Nor lose thy children in the grave.

HYMN LXXI. L. M.

Christ's Ascension, Psalm xxiv. 7.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
“ Ye everlasting doors give way !”
- 3 Loofe all your maffy bars of light,
And wide unfold the radiant fcene ;
He claims thofe manfions as his right,
Receive the king of glory in.
- 4 “ Who is the king of glory, who ?”
The *Lord* that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, fin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And *Jesus* is the conqu'ror's name.
- 5 “ Who is the king of glory, who ?”
The *Lord* of boundlefs pow'r poffeft,
The king of faints and angels too,
God over all, forever bleft.

HYMN LXXII. As 148th Psalm.

The kingdom of Christ, Phil. iv. 4.

- 1 REJOICE, the *Lord* is king,
Your *God* and king adore ;
Mortals, give thanks, and fing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye faints, rejoice.
- 2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The *God* of truth and love ;

When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above :
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our *Jesus* giv'n :
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy ;
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy :
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home :
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
 The trump of *God* shall sound, rejoice.

 HYMN LXXIII. L. M.

The humiliation, exaltation, and triumphs of Christ,
 Phil. ii. 8, 9. Col. ii. 15.

1 THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
 That brightest monument of praise
 That e'er the *God* of love design'd,
 Employs and fills my laboring mind.

2 Begin, my soul, the heav'nly song,
 A burden for an angel's tongue ;
 When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
 He tunes and summons all his strings.

3 Proclaim inimitable love,
Jesus the *Lord* of worlds above,
 Puts off the beams of bright array,
 And veils the *God* in mortal clay.

4 He that distributes crowns and thrones
 Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans :
 The prince of life resigns his breath,
 The king of glory bows to death.

5 But see the wonders of his power,
 He triumphs in his dying hour,
 And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
 He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

6 Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
 And sin was drown'd in *Jesu's* blood :
 Then he arose, and reigns above,
 And conquers sinners by his love.

 HYMN LXXIV. L. M.

The intercession of Christ, Heb. vii. 25.

1 HE lives, the great redeemer lives,
 (What joy the blest assurance gives !)
 And now before his father God,
 Pleads the full merit of his blood

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice arm'd with frowns appears ;
 But in the Saviour's lovely face
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts,
 Above our fears, above our faults
 His powerful intercessions rise
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark distressful hour,
 When sin and Satan join their power ;

Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That *Jesus* bears us on his heart.

5 Great advocate, almighty friend—
On him our humble hopes depend :
Our cause can never, never fail,
For *Jesus* pleads and must prevail.

HYMN LXXV. C. M.

The fulness of Christ.

1 HOW sweet the name of *Jesus* sounds,
In a believer's ear ?

It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 By him my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd ;

Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

4 *Jesus* ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;

My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;

But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath ;

And may the glory of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN LXXVI. C. M.

Christ the refuge of the Church.

- 1 HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains ;
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.
- 2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill ;
And countless worlds extended wide,
Obey his sov'reign will.
- 3 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise,
In yonder world above ;
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.
- 4 His righteousness to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms ;
Affords a hiding-place and shield,
From enemies and storms.
- 5 When troubles like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head ;
To this high rock his people run,
And find a pleasing shade.
- 6 How glorious he ! how happy they
In such a glorious friend !
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

HYMN LXXVII. L. M.

Christ our Advocate, 1 John ii. 1.

- 1 WHERE is my God ? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs ?
Are these weak breathings of desire,
Too languid to ascend the skies ?

- 2 No, *Lord*, the breathings of desire,
The weak petition, if sincere,
Are not forbidden to aspire,
But reach to thy all-gracious ear.
- 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great redeemer stands,
The glorious advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.
- 4 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer ;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose pow'r and love forbid despair.
- 5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious *Lord*,
With stronger faith to call thee mine ;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

HYMN LXXVIII. L. M.

Divine Forgiveness, Luke vii. 47.

- 1 FORGIVENESS ! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die ;
Publish the bliss the world around ;
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky !
- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine ;
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime ;
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change, by changing time.
- 3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sov'reign grace expand,
The seas of sov'reign grace arise.
- 4 For this stupendous love of heav'n
What grateful honors shall we show ?

Where much transgression is forgiv'n
Let love in equal adors glow.

5 By this inspir'd, let all our days
With various holiness be crown'd,
Let truth and goodnefs, pray'r and praise
In all abide, in all abound.

HYMN LXXIX. L. M.

Adoption, or Christians the Sons of God. John i. 12.

I John iii. 1.

1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is giv'n
To be the sons and heirs of heav'n;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the sky.

3 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go;
Whispers instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.

4 When, through temptation they rebel,
His chast'ning rod he makes them feel
Then, with a father's tender heart,
He soothes the pain, and heals the smart.

5 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye,
Leads them from earth to heav'n above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

HYMN LXXX. C. M.

Longing for the divine presence under sorrow.

1 O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his faints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

 HYMN LXXXI. Eights and Sevens.

The Saviour's merit.

1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood,
And my weary, troubled spirit,
Now finds rest with thee my God;
I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie;
Sin and Satan, cannot hurt me,
While my Saviour is so nigh.

- 2 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises through the sky ;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the Father give ;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises all that live !
- 3 Now I'll sing my Saviour's merit—
Tell the world of his dear name,
That if any want his spirit,
He is still the very same.
He that asketh soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find ;
Whoso'er on him believeth,
He will never cast behind.
- 4 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glorious Christ of Heav'nly birth ;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises through the earth.
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the spirit be ;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
To the sacred one in three.
- 5 Now our advocate is pleading
With his father, and our God ;
And for us is interceding,
As the purchase of his blood ;
Now methinks I hear him praying,
Father ! save them—I have di'd ;
And the Father answers saying,
They are freely justifi'd.
- 6 Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
Worthy is the Lamb of God,

Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
 Who hath wash'd us in his blood.
 Holy, holy, holy, holy,
 Holy is the Lord of Hosts,
 Holy, holy, holy, holy,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN LXXXII. C. M.

A warning to flee from the wrath to come.

- 1 NOW is the time, th' accepted hour,
 O! sinners come away;
 The Saviour's knocking at your door,
 Arise without delay.
- 2 O! don't refuse to give him room,
 Lest mercy should withdraw;
 He'll then in robes of vengeance come
 To execute his law.
- 3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
 If destitute of grace,
 When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
 And stand before his face.
- 4 O! could you shun that dreadful sight,
 How would you wish to fly,
 To the dark shades of endless night,
 From that all-searching eye?
- 5 But death and hell must all appear
 And you among them stand;
 Before the great impartial bar,
 Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.
- 6 Let not these warnings be in vain,
 But lend a list'ning ear;
 Lest you should meet them all again,
 When wrapt in keen despair.

HYMN LXXXIII. C. M.

The Soldier of the Cross.

- 1 AM I a Soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb ;
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help us on to God ?
- 3 Shall I be carry'd to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease ?
While others fight to win the prize,
And fall through bloody seas ?
- 4 I too must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord,
To bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 The saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die ;
They see a triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all their armies shine,
With robes of vict'ry through the skies ;
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN LXXXIV. C. M.

Sanctification and Pardon.

- 1 WHERE shall we sinners hide our heads,
Can rocks or mountains save ?
Or shall we wrap us in the shades
Of midnight and the grave ?

- 2 Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God ?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds we fly,
Bedew us with thy blood.
- 3 Those guardian drops our souls secure,
And wash away our sins ;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.
- 4 We bless that wondrous purple stream
That cleanses every stain ;
Yet are our souls but half redeem'd,
If sin, the tyrant, reign.
- 5 Lord, blast his empire with thy breath,
That cursed throne must fall ;
Ye flattering plagues, that work our death,
Fly, for we hate you all.

HYMN LXXXV. C. M.

Perseverance, Psalm cxix. 117.

- 1 LORD, hast thou made me know thy ways ?
Conduct me in thy fear,
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.
- 2 Let but thy own almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape, secure from harm,
Amid the dreadful storm.
- 3 Be thou my all-sufficient friend,
'Till all my toils shall cease ;
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace.

HYMN LXXXVI. Tens and Elevens.

Humble confidence in the power and grace of Christ.

1 O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found, where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, in Paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:
My soul don't delay, he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know, what he can bestow,
What light strength and comfort, do after him go:
Lo onward I move, to a country above,
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will
prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell and sin,
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within:
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind:
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now'tis my care, my neighbors may share
These blessings; to seek them will none of you
dare?

In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

HYMN LXXXVII. C. M.

Christ crown'd as Lord of all.

- 1 ALL hail the pow'r of Jēsu's name!
Let Angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
'To crown Him Lord of All.
- 2 Let high-born Seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before his face who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of All.
- 3 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
He fill'd this floating ball;
Now bid the strength of Israel's might
And crown Him Lord of All.
- 4 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of All.
- 5 Ye feed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of All.
- 6 Hail Him, ye Heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
Whom God the Father, Man divine,
And man the Man Lord of All.
- 7 Hail Him, whose love can ne'er forgive
The worm-wood and the gall,
Close by your robes at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of All.
- 8 O every tribe, and every tongue,
Hail Him the Saviour's call,
His praise be our universal song,
And crown Him Lord of All.

HYMN LXXXVIII. L. M.

Christ the Bright and Morning Star, Rev. xxii. 26.

1 YE worlds of light, that roll so near,
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
O tell how mean your glories are,
How faint and few, compar'd with his.

2 We sing the bright and morning-star
(*Jesus*, the spring of light and love;)
See how its rays diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above.

3 Its cheering beams, spread wide abroad,
And guide the Christian in his way;
Still as he goes he finds the road
Enlighten'd with a constant day.

4 When shall we reach the heav'nly place,
Where this bright star will brightest shine;
I leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre all divine?

HYMN LXXXIX. L. M.

Jehovah the true God. Psalm xcvii.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice;
Let all the isles with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

2 Darkness and clouds, of awful shade,
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Justice and truth his guards are made,
And fix'd by his pavilion wait.

3 Devouring fire before his face,
His foes around with vengeance struck;
His lightnings set the world on blaze,
Earth saw it, and with terror shook.

- 4 The proudest hills his presence felt,
 Their height nor strength could help afford,
 The proudest hills like wax did melt
 In presence of th' Almighty Lord.
- 5 The heav'n's his righteousness to show,
 With storms of fire our foes pursu'd ;
 And all the trembling world below,
 Have his descending glory view'd.
- 6 Glad Sion of thy triumph heard,
 And Judah's daughters were o'erjoy'd ;
 Because thy righteous judgments, Lord,
 Have Pagan pride and pow'r destroy'd.
- 7 Rejoice, ye righteous in the Lord ;
 Memorials of his holiness,
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,
 And with your thankful tongues confess.

 HYMN XC. Eighth.

Praising at the foot of the cross.

- 1 O LOVE divine, what hast thou done !
 Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me !
 The Father's co-eternal Son
 Bore all my sins upon the tree ;
 Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd ;
 The Lord, my love, is crucify'd.
- 2 Sinners, behold, as ye pass by,
 The bleeding prince of life and grace,
 Come, see, ye worms, your maker die,
 And say, was ever grief like this ?
 Come, feed with me his blood and grace ;
 The Lord, my love, is crucify'd.

Believe, believe the record true,
 His church is purchas'd with his blood;
 Pardon and life flow from his side;
 The Lord, my love, is crucify'd!

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream;
 All things for him account but dross,
 And give up all our hearts to him:
 Of nothing speak, or think beside:
 The Lord, my love, is crucify'd.

H Y M N XCI. Eights and Sevens.

Love Divine.

- 1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling:
 All thy faithful mercies crown:
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art:
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
 Into every troubled breast:
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest;
 Take away the love of sinning:
 Take our load of guilt away,
 End the work of thy beginning,
 Bring us to eternal day.
- 3 Carry on thy new creation,
 Pure and holy may we be;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secur'd by Thee:

Change from glory into glory,
 'Till in heav'n we take our place ;
 'Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

 H Y M N X C I I . C . M .

Healing mercy in Jesus.

- 1 Heal us, Emmanuel, here we stand,
 Waiting to feel thy touch ;
 To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand,
 Blest Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Our faith is weak, our strength is small,
 We faintly trust thy word ;
 Sure thou wilt hear the mourner call
 And say, " behold thy Lord."
- 3 Thou pity'dst him who once apply'd
 With trembling for relief ;
 " Lord, I believe," with tears he cry'd,
 " O help my unbelief."
- 4 She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
 And healing virtue stole,
 Was answer'd, " Daughter, go in peace,
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 5 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
 To touch thee if we may ;
 Oh ! send us not despairing home,
 Send none unheal'd away.

 H Y M N X C I I I . C . M .

Walking with God, Genesis v. 24.

- 1 OH ! for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heav'nly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
 How sweet their mem'ry still!
 But they have left an aching void,
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest;
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

H Y M N XCIV. Tens and Elevens.

The Lord will Provide.

- 1 THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The scripture assures us, that God will provide.
- 2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
 His saints what is fitting, shall ne'er be deny'd,
 So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.
- 3 We may like the ships, by tempests be tost
 On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost;

Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
His promise engages, the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, we have a good
guide,
And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has try'd,
'This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will
provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our spirits have ply'd,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great
name,

In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, and he will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us through:
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

HYMN XCIV. C. M.

Aaron a type of Christ.

1 SEE Aaron, God's anointed priest,
When in the veil appear,

2 robes of mystic adorning dress,
Presenting Israel's prayer.

- 2 The plate of gold which crowns his brows,
His holiness describes ;
His breast displays in shining rows,
The names of all the tribes.
- 3 With the atoning blood he stands
Before the mercy-seat,
And clouds of incense from his hands
Arise with odour sweet.
- 4 Through him, the eye of faith descries
A greater priest than he :
Thus Jesus pleads above the skies,
For you, my friends, and me.
- 5 He bears the names of all his saints,
Deep on his heart engrav'd ;
Attentive to the state and wants
Of all his love has fav'd.
- 6 In him a holiness complete,
Light and perfections shine,
And wisdom, grace, and glory meet ;
A Saviour all divine.

HYMN XCVI. S. M.

The vanity of Balaam's wish.

- 1 HOW blest the righteous are,
When they resign their breath !
No wonder Balaam wish'd to share
In such a happy death.
- 2 " Oh ! let me die, said he,
The death the righteous do ;
When life is ended, let me be
Found with the faithful few."
- 3 The force of truth, how great !
When enemies confess,

None but the righteous, whom they hate,
A solid hope possess.

4 But Balaam's wish was vain,
His heart was insincere :
He thirsted for unrighteous gain,
And sought a portion here.

5 He seem'd the Lord to know,
And to offend him loth ;
But Mammon prov'd his overthrow,
For none can serve them both.

6 May we, O Lord, most high,
Warning from hence receive,
If like the righteous we would die,
To choose the life they live.

HYMN XCVII. L. M.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Deut. xxxiii. 25.

1 AFFLICTED faint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
'That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
" How shall I stand the trying day ?"
He has engag'd by firm decree,
'That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;
And though the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
'That as thy days, thy strength shall be,

5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Of sore affliction, pain or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

HYMN XCVIII. C. M.

Christ the desire of all nations. Hag. ii. 7. Cant. i. 3.

- 1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners from earth's remotest end
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy name as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around:
Sweetly the sacred odors spread
Through all Emmanuel's ground.
- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.
- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy:
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongue employ
Through all eternity.

HYMN XCIX. L. M.

Christ our example. John xiii. 15.

1 WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life !

2 See how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright !

4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love :
If we regard the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

5 But ah how blind ! how weak we are !
How frail ! how apt to turn aside !
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy spirit for our guide.

6 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be ;
Make us by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

HYMN C. C. M.

Christ the pearl of great price. Matt. xiii. 46.

1 Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine ;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense ;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense !
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet !
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies at my call,
Their boasted stores resign ;
With joy I would renounce them all
For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And think myself most bless'd.
- 6 Dear sov'reign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine ;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

 H Y M N C I. L. M.

Christ the physician of souls. Jeremiah viii. 22.

- 1 DEEP are the wounds which sin hath made ;
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part ;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sov'reign balm be found ?
And is no kind physician nigh,

To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly ?

4 There is a great physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;
See, in his heav'nly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give !

5 See in the Saviour's dying blood
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow !
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can cleanse the heart, and heal its woe.

6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For here a sov'reign cure is found ;
A cordial for a fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound.

H Y M N CII L. M.

Christ the christian's sufficiency.

1 Now in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise :
With all the Saints I'll join to tell,
That Jesus hath done all things well.

2 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And then he undertook my cause ;
To save me when I did rebel,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

3 And since my soul hath known his love,
What blessings hath he made me prove ?
Mercy, which doth all praise excel ;
For Jesus hath done all things well.

4 Whene'er my Saviour and my God,
Hath on me laid his gentle rod ;
I know in all which hath besel,
That Jesus hath done all things well.

5 Sometimes the Lord his face doth hide,
To make me pray, and kill my pride ;
Yet on my heart it still doth dwell,
That Jesus hath done all things well.

6 Soon I shall pass this vale of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath ;
And then my happy soul shall tell,
How Jesus hath done all things well.

HYMN CIII. I. M.

The effects of the fall lamented.

1 SEE human nature sunk in shame ;
See scandals pour'd on Jesu's name ;
The father wounded through the son ;
The world abus'd, the soul undone.

2 See the short course of vain delight,
Closing in everlasting night ;
In flames, that no abatement know,
Kindled by sin the source of woe.

3 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

4 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep, where most it loves ;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

HYMN CIV. L. M.

Seeking to God for the communication of his spirit,
Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

1 HEAR, gracious sov'reign, from thy throne
And send thy various blessings down :
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Oh hear the pray'r thy word hath taught.

2 Come, sacred spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love ;
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let thy godlike power be known.

3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise ;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace, which now they scorn.

4 O let a holy flock await
Num'rous around thy temple-gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

5 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise ;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

HYMN CV. L. M.

The leadings of the spirit. Rom. viii. 14.

1 COME, gracious spirit, heavenly dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest'd ;
Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

HYMN CVI. Eights.

The influences of the spirit desired.

1 ETERNAL spirit, source of light,
Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,
Descend and with celestial heat
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire :
Our souls refine, our dross consume !
Come, condescending spirit come !

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of the pure flame, which seraphs feel,
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still :
Come vivifying spirit, come,
And make our hearts thy constant home !

3 Let pure devotion's fervors rise ;
Let every pious passion glow :
O let the raptures of the skies -
Kindle in our cold hearts below !
Come, condescending spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home !

H Y M N CVII.

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HYMN CVII. L. M.

The influences of the spirit experienced. John xiv.
16, 17.

- 1 SURE the blest comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart ;
Else would my hope forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.
- 2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice ?
- 3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires ;
Can it be less than pow'r divine,
Which animates these strong desires ?
- 4 What less than thy almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust ?
- 5 And when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God, and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blisful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace ?
- 6 Let thy kind spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

HYMN CVIII. L. M.

The grieved spirit entreated not to depart. Pl. li. 14.

- 1 STAY, thou insulted spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight :

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all, who'er thy grace receiv'd,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

3 But O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great high-priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand!
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN CIX. C. M.

The spirit of God insensibly withdrawn. Judges
xvi. 20.

1 A PRESENT God is all our strength,
And all our joy and hope;
When he withdraws, our comforts die,
And every grace must droop.

2 But flattering trifles charm our hearts
To court their false embrace,
Till justly this neglected friend
Averts his angry face.

3 He leaves us and we miss him not;
But go presumptuous on,
Till baffled, wounded, and enslav'd,
We learn, that God is gone.

- 4 And what, my soul, can then remain
 One ray of light to give ?
 Sever'd from him, their better life,
 How can his children live ?
- 5 Hence, all ye painted forms of joy,
 And leave my heart to mourn :
 I would devote these eyes to tears,
 Till cheer'd by his return.
- 6 Look back, my Lord, and own the place,
 Where once thy temple stood ;
 For lo, its ruins bear the mark
 Of rich atoning blood.

 HYMN CX. Sevens.

Sin bewailed. I Kings iii. 5.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer pray'r ;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Rise and ask without delay.
- 2 With my burden I begin,
 Lord, remove this load of sin !
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
3. Lord ! I come to thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast ;
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.
- 4 As the image in the glass
 Answers the beholder's face ;
 Thus unto my heart appear,
 Print thine own resemblance there.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer ;

As my guide, my guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death

HYMN CXI. L. M.

Prayer for quickening grace.

1 OUR wishes would our ruin prove,
Could we our wretched choice obtain,
Before we feel the Saviour's love,
Kindling our love to him again.

2 But when our hearts perceive his worth,
Desires, till then unknown, take place ;
Our spirits cleave no more to earth,
But pant for holiness and grace.

3 And dost thou say, " Ask what thou wilt ?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour ;
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's pow'r.

4 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear ;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

HYMN CXII. C. M.

Faith's review and expectation.

1 AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound)
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd !
- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease ;
I shall possess within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God who call'd me here below,
Will be forever mine.

HYMN CXIII. L. M.

The pressure of Sin.

- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone—
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay me down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
The God of my salvation see ?
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,
Yet still I cannot come to thee.
- 3 Rest for my soul I long to find ;
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,

Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

4 I would (but thou must give the pow'r)
My heart were from its sins releas'd:

O let me see that happy hour,
'Twill fill my soul with heav'nly peace.

5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Let not my Jesus long delay,

Appear in my poor heart, appear,
My God, my Saviour, come I pray.

HYMN CXIV. L. M.

A Sinner submitting to God.

1 WEARY of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,
At length I give the contest o'er,
And seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease—
God that creates must seal my peace;
Fruitless my toil and vain my care,
Unless thy sov'reign grace I share.

3 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy spirit blow,
And bid thy obedient waters flow.

4 'Tis thine, a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here then to thee I all resign,
To draw, redeem and seal is thine.

5 With simple truth to thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool—
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

6 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
 Make my infected nature pure;
 Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
 And pour thyself into my heart.

HYMN CXV. L. M.

Invitation to sinners.

1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word,
 Hasten to the supper of your Lord:
 Be wise to know your gracious day,
 All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the father is to own,
 And kiss his late returning Son,
 Ready the gracious Saviour stands
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the spirit from above
 To fill the sinful heart with love,
 'T' apply and witness Jesu's blood
 And wash and seal you sons of God.

4 Ready for you the Angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate;
 Tuning their harps by which they praise,
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 Come then, ye sinners, to the Lord,
 To happiness in Christ restor'd;
 His proffer'd benefits embrace,
 The plenitude of gospel grace.

6 O cast this world's delusive charms,
 And gladly fly to Jesu's arms;
 Whom since your God is known,
 Till ye can call the Lord your own.

HYMN CXVI. C. M.

Fortitude under reproaches.

- 1 DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or shall I basely flee.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
O, let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.
- 3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.
- 4 Say to my soul, why dost thou fear
The face of feeble man?
Behold thy heav'nly captain's here,
Before thee in the van.
- 5 O how my soul would rise and run,
At this reviving word;
Nor any painful suff'rings shun,
To follow thee, my Lord.
- 6 Let sinful men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will;
If I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still.

HYMN CXVII. C. M.

The Gospel suited to the wants of all.

- 1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,
Does thy salvation flow;
It's not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.
- 3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence,
To perish in despair.
- 4 Come all ye wretched sinners come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

HYMN CXVIII. L. M.

The Excellency of the Priesthood of Christ.

- 1 'MIDST all the priests of Jewish race,
Jesus the most illustrious stands:
The radiant beauty of his face
Superior love and awe demands.
- 2 Not Aaron or Melchizedeck
Cou'd claim such high descent as he;
His nature and his name bespeak
His unexampled pedigree.
- 3 Descending from the throne above,
He bears th' endearing name of son;
Dress'd in our flesh and mov'd by love,
He puts his priestly garments on.
- 4 He offers up his sacrifice,
An offering most divinely sweet;
While a cloud of fragrant incense rise,
And we adore the mercy seat.
- 5 The Father with approving smile
Accepts the offering of his son:

New joys the wond'ring angels feel,
And haste to bear the tidings down.

6 The welcome news their lips repeat,
Gives sacred pleasure to my breast;
Henceforth, my soul, thy cause commit
To Christ, thy advocate and priest.

HYMN CXIX. L. M.

Christ the Way to the heavenly Canaan.

1 JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
'The narrow way till him I view.

2 'The way the holy prophets went,
'The road that leads from banishment,
'The king's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
'Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, "I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou blest lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

HYMN CXX. C. M.

Mercy prevailing. Ezek. xvi. 63.

- 1 O LORD, perishing in blood I lay,
 Creatures no help could give;
 But Jesus pass'd me in the way,
 He saw, and bid me live.
 O can I e'er that day forget,
 When Jesus kindly spoke?
 Poor soul, my blood has paid thy debt,
 And now I love thy voice.
 Behold, I take thee for my own,
 And I gave myself to thee:
 forsake the idols thou hast known,
 And yield thyself to me.
 Ah worthless heart! it promis'd I fear,
 And said it would be thine;
 Little thought it e'er would dare
 Again with idols join.
 5 LORD, dost thou such back-slidings heed,
 And pardon all that's past?
 Sure, if I am not made of steel,
 I shall relent at last.
 6 My tongue, which rashly spoke before,
 Thy mercy will restrain;
 Surely I now shall boast no more,
 Nor censure, nor complain.

HYMN CXXI. L. M.

The power of Divine Grace, in converting a Pagan.
 Ezek. xxxvi. 25—28.

- 1 THE LORD proclaims his grace abroad,
 Behold I change your hearts of lead,
 Ye shall renounce each idol-god,
 And serve, and praise the LORD alone.

- 2 My grace, a flowing stream proceeds,
To wash your filthiness away;
Ye shall abhor your former deeds,
And learn my statutes to obey.
- 3 My truth the great design infures,
I give myself away to you;
Ye shall be mine, I will be yours,
Your GOD unalterably true.
- 4 Yet not unfought, nor unimplor'd,
The plenteous grace will I confer;
No—your whole hearts shall seek the LORD,
I'll put a praying spirit there.
- 5 From the first breath of life divine,
Down to the last expiring hour;
The gracious work shall all be mine,
Begun and ended in my pow'r.

HYMN CXXII. C. M.

The Leper healed. Matt. viii. 2, 3.

- 1 WHEN the poor leper's case I read,
My own describ'd I feel;
Sin is a leprosy indeed,
Which none but CHRIST can heal.
- 2 What anguish did my soul endure,
Till hope and patience ceas'd?
The more I strove myself to cure,
The more the plague increas'd.
- 3 While thus I lay distress'd, I saw
The Saviour passing by;
To him, though fill'd with shame and awe,
I rais'd my mournful cry.
- 4 LORD, thou canst heal me if thou wilt,
Oh pity to me shew.

- O cleanse my lep'rous soul from guilt ;
 My filthy heart renew.
- 5 He heard, and with a gracious look,
 Pronounc'd the healing word ;
 " I will—be clean," and while he spoke,
 I felt my health restor'd.
- 6 Come, sinners seize the present hour,
 The Saviour's grace to prove ;
 He can relive, for he is pow'r,
 He will, for he is love.

 HYMN CXXIII. L. M.

Barrenness and Indwelling Sin.

- 1 LORD, I'm defil'd in every part,
 Barren my life, and cold my heart,
 Yet sometimes, through thy sov'reign grace,
 I catch a glimpse of Jesu's face.
- 2 This gives my drowsy heart a spring,
 I fain would rise, and fain would sing ;
 But soon a cloud rolls in between,
 All black with some indwelling sin.
- 3 My notes then falter on my tongue,
 'The foul contagion spoils my song ;
 But Thou, who dost the world control,
 Speak but the word, I shall be whole.

 HYMN CXXIV. C. M.

The Power of Faith.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
 And saves me from its snares ;
 Its aid in every duty brings,
 And softens all my cares :
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
 And lights the sacred fire

Of love to God, and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain :

5 Shews me the precious promise seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood ;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken would I rest,
'Till this vile body dies ;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise.

HYMN CXXV. Eight.

Faith conquering.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucify'd God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his blood.
'Tis faith that still leads us along,
And lives under pressure and load,
That makes us in weakness more strong,
And draws the soul upward to God.

2 It treads on the world, and on hell,
It vanquishes death and despair :
and Oh ! let us wonder to tell,
It wrestles and conquers by pray'r.

Permits a vile worm of the dust,
 With God to commune as a friend ;
 To hope his forgiveness as just,
 And look for his love to the end.

3 It says to the mountains, "depart,"
 That stand between God and the soul ;
 It binds up the broken in heart,
 And makes wounded consciences whole ;
 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
 Be spotless as snow, and as white ;
 And raises the sinner on high,
 To dwell with the angels of light.

HYMN CXXVI. C. M.

Faith superior to Sense.

- 1 SIGHT, hearing, feeling, taste and smell,
 Are gifts we highly prize ;
 But these may downward lead to hell,
 While faith to heav'n doth rise.
- 2 More piercing than the eagle's sight,
 Faith views the world unknown :
 Surveys the glorious realms of light,
 And JESUS on the throne.
- 3 It hears the mighty voice of GOD,
 And ponders what He saith ;
 His word and works, his gifts and rod,
 Have each a voice to faith.
- 4 It feels the touch of heav'nly pow'r,
 And from the boundless source,
 Derives fresh vigour ev'ry hour
 To run its daily course.
- 5 The truth and goodness of the LORD
 Are suited to its taste ;
 Mean is the woldling's pamper'd board,
 To faith's perpetual feast.

6 Till saving faith possess the mind,
 In vain of sense we boast ;
 We are but senseless, tasteless, blind,
 And deaf, and dead, and lost.

H Y M N CXXVII. Sevens and Sixes.

Divine light breaking into the soul.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings ;

It is the Lord who rises
 With healing on his wings ;

When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again

A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue

The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new :

Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,

E'en let th' unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
 But he will bear us thro',

Who gives the lilies cloathing,
 Will clothe his people too :

Beneath the spreading heavens,
 No creature but is fed ;

And he who feeds the ravens,
 Will give his children bread.

4 Tho' vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wanted fruit should bear,

Tho' all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there :

Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

 HYMN CXXVIII. C. M.

Christ revealed in a soul slain by the law.

1 SMOTE by thy law, I'm justly slain,
 Great God, behold my case ;
 Pity a sinner fill'd with pain,
 Nor drive me from thy face.

2 Dread terrors fright my guilty soul,
 Thy justice, all in flames,
 Gives sentence on this heart so foul,
 So hard, so full of crimes.

3 'Tis trembling hardness that I feel ;
 I fear, but can't relent,
 Perhaps of endless death the seal :
 Oh that I could repent !

4 My pray'rs, my tears, my vows are vile,
 My duties black with guilt ;
 On such a wretch can mercy smile,
 Tho' Jesu's blood was spilt ?

5 Speechless I sink to endless night,
 I see an opening hell :
 But lo ! what glory strikes my sight ?
 Such glory who can tell !

6 Enwapt in these bright beams of peace,
 I feel a gracious God :
 Swell, swell the note ; Oh, tell his grace !
 Sound his high praise abroad !

7 Now rise, my soul, adore and love,
 Leave sin and hell behind;
 Give all thy pow'rs to heav'n above,
 And praise th' eternal mind.

 HYMN CXXIX. L. M.

On the hardness of the heart.

1 O FOR a glance of heav'nly day,
 To take the stubborn stone away;
 And thaw with beams of love divine,
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rent, the earth can quake;
 The sea can roar, the mountains shake;
 Of feeling all things show some sign,
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 Thy judgments, Lord, unmov'd I hear,
 (Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
 To stir this stupid heart of mine.

4 To hear the sorrow thou hast felt,
 Dear Lord, an adamant would melt,
 But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing move this heart of mine.

5 But pow'r divine can do the deed,
 And much to feel that pow'r I need;
 Thy spirit can from dross refine,
 And move and melt this heart of mine.

6 Then dearest Lord, thy spirit give,
 And make my drooping heart revive;
 No longer then shall I repine,
 No longer mourn this heart of mine.

7 But anthems dwell upon my tongue,
 And this shall ever be my song,
 'Twas nought but sov'reign love divine,
 That mov'd this stupid heart of mine.

HYMN CXXX. Sevens.

Christ's Ascension.

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;
 Christ a while to mortals giv'n,
 Re-ascends his native heav'n,
 There the pompous triumph waits;
 "Lift your heads, eternal gates!
 "Wide unfold the radiant scene,
 "Take the King of glory in!"

2 Him tho' highest heav'n receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves;
 Tho' returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own;
 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his death he pleads;
 Next himself prepares a place,
 Harbinger of human race.

3 Master (may we ever say)
 Taken from our world away;
 See thy faithful servants, see,
 Ever gazing up to thee!
 Gaze, tho' parted from our sight
 High above yon azure height —
 Ourselves our souls may thither rise,
 Following thee beyond the skies.

Ever upward let us move,
 Waiting on the wings of love,
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing for a happier home;

There we shall with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless reign,
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heaven of heav'ns in thee.

HYMN CXXXI. Sevens.

Christ's triumphant ascension.

- 1 JESUS our triumphant head,
 Ris'n victorious from the dead ;
 To the realms of glory's gone,
 To ascend his rightful throne.
- 2 Cherubs on the conqueror gaze,
 Seraphs glow with brighter blaze ;
 Each bright order of the sky,
 Hail him, as he passes by !
- 3 Saints the glorious triumph meet ;
 See their garments at his feet !
 By his scars his toils are view'd,
 And his garments roll'd in blood !
- 4 Heav'n its king congratulates,
 Opens wide her golden gates ;
 Angels, songs of vict'ry bring,
 All the blissful regions ring !
- 5 Sinners join the heav'nly pow'rs,
 For redemption all is ours ;
 None but burden'd sinners prove
 Blood bought pardon, dying love.
- 6 Hail ! thou dear, thou worthy Lord !
 Holy Lamb ! incarnate word !
 Hail ! thou suff'ring Son of God !
 'Take the trophies of thy blood.

HYMN CXXXII. L. M.

Hope encouraged by a view of the divine perfections
 I Sam. xxx. 6.

1 WHY sinks my weak desponding mind?
 Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
 Can sov'reign goodness be unkind?
 Am I not safe when God is nigh?

2 He holds all nature in his hand:
 That gracious hand on which I live,
 Does life, and time, and death command,
 And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
 On him alone my hopes recline;
 The wond'rous glories of his name,
 How wide they spread, how bright they shine!

4 Infinite wisdom & boundless pow'r!
 Unchanging faithfulness and love!
 Here let me trust, while I adore,
 And from my refuge ne'er remove.

5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
 Then I have all my heart can crave;
 A present help in times of need,
 Still kind to hear and strong to save.

6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord,
 And ease the sorrows of my breast;
 Speak to my heart the healing word,
 That thou art mine—and I am blest.

HYMN CXXXIII. C. M.

A penitent pleading for mercy.

1 LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
 And knock at mercy's door;
 With heavy heart and downcast eye,
 Thy favor we implore.

- 2 [On us, the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love ;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.
- 3 We sink, with all this weight oppress'd,
Sink down to death and hell ;
Oh, give our troubled spirits rest,
Our num'rous fears dispel.]
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy we implore,
We would thy bowels move ;
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.
- 5 Oh, for thy own, for Jesu's sake,
Our many sins forgive ;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking soon relieve.
- 6 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own ;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

 HYMN CXXXIV. Sevens.

Rejoicing in hope. Isaiah xxxv. 10. Luke xii. 32.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly king,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You near Jesu's throne shall rest :

There your seats are now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your father's son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

5 Lord ! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

H Y M N CXXXV. L. M.

—Return of joy.—

1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears ;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
So prone to act a sinful part,
And still indulge distrust of thee !

3 O ! let me then at length be taught
(What I am still so slow to learn :)
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply try'd,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will ;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Lord, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine.

HYMN CXXXVI. L. M.

Gravity and decency.

1 BEHOLD the sons, the heirs of God
So dearly bought with Jesu's blood!
Are they not born to heavenly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind,
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time and waste the day?

3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honors of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?

4 Lord, with a heav'n-directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.
Oh, raise our hearts and passions higher;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;

5 Then we will look on toys below,
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

HYMN CXXXVII. L. M.

A young convert falling into darkness.

1 WHEN converts first begin to sing,
Their happy souls are on the wing;
Their theme is all redeeming love,
Fain would they be with Christ above.

- 2 With admiration they behold
The love of Christ that can't be told,
They view themselves upon the shore,
And think the battle all is o'er.
- 3 They feel themselves quite free from pain,
And think their enemies are slain ;
They make no doubt but all is well,
And Satan is cast down to hell.
- 4 They wonder why old saints don't sing
And make the heav'nly arches ring,
Ring with melodious joyful sound,
Because a prodigal is found.
- 5 But 'tis not long before they feel
Their feeble souls begin to reel,
They think their former hopes were vain,
For they are bound in Satan's chain.
- 6 The morning that did shine so bright,
Is turned to the shades of night ;
Their hearts that did with music ring
Are now untun'd in every string.
- 7 O ! foolish child, why didst thou boast,
In the enlargement of thy coast ?
Why didst thou think to fly away,
Before thou leav'st this feeble clay ?
- 8 Come take up arms and face the field,
Come gird on harness, sword and shield ;
Stand fast in faith, fight for your king,
And soon the vict'ry you shall win.
- 9 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,
Then meet him with these blessed lines :
Jesus our Lord has swept the field,
And we're determin'd not to yield.

HYMN CXXXVIII. L. M.

Love to Christ, present or absent.

- 1 OF all the joys, which creatures know,
 Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest ;
 'Tis the best blessing here below,
 The highest rapture of the blest.
- 2 While we are held in thy embrace,
 There's not a thought attempts to rove ;
 Each smile that's seen upon thy face,
 Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
- 3 Hearing thy speech, immortal joys
 Ravish our ears, and fill the heart ;
 Our souls all melt by thy dear voice,
 And pleasure shoots through every part.
- 4 When of thy absence we complain,
 And long and weep and humbly pray ;
 There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
 Those tears are sweet which mourn thy stay.
- 5 When round thy courts by day we rove,
 Or ask the watchmen of the night,
 For some kind tidings from above,
 Thy very name creates delight.
- 6 Jesus our God descend and come,
 Our eyes shall dwell upon thy face ;
 'Tis heav'n to see our Lord at home,
 And feel the presence of thy grace.

HYMN CXXXIX. S. M.

The good that I would, I do not. Rom. vii. 19.

- 1 I would, but cannot sing,
 I would, but cannot pray,
 For Satan meets me when I try,
 And frights my soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
 Though I endeavor oft;
 His stony heart can ne'er relent
 Till Jesus makes it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
 Though woo'd by love divine;
 No arguments have pow'r to move
 A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest
 In God's most holy will;
 I know what he appoints is best,
 Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe!
 Then all would easy be;
 I would but cannot—Lord, relieve!
 My help must come from thee.

6 Wilt thou not crown at length,
 The work thou hast begun?
 And with a will afford me strength,
 In all thy ways to run?

HYMN CXL. C. M.

The doubting christian.

OF sinful Adam's num'rous race,
 I find myself most vile;
 Can me can God extend his grace,
 Or ever grant a smile?

Can I be call'd a child of God,
 Can I his promise claim;
 While sinking in the loathsome flood,
 Of inbred sin and shame:

Once I could shout his praises high
 And call him Lord and king:

- But now how cold and dead I lie,
Nor dare I think to sing.
- 4 Once I could join his praying flock,
And thought the union sweet :
Conscience forbids me now to mock,
By claiming there a feat.
- 5 Was I deceiv'd ? Blest spirit tell,
Nor leave me to despair :
Sometimes a heav'n sometimes a hell,
Within this heart appear.
- 6 Sometimes I feel a beam divine,
The God I own and love ;
It seems direct from heav'n to shine,
And call me strait above.
- 7 I stretch my wings, and fain would fly ;
But Oh, my want of pow'r !
The vision ends, I sin and sigh,
And count the awful score.
- 8 Great God, resolve this painful strife,
Grant faith and love may reign ;
Then I'll devote an endless life
To sing in highest strain.

HYMN CXLI. C. M.

A Prayer of the sick Soul.

- 1 THOU great Physician of the soul,
To thee I bring my case ;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.
- 2 Help me to state my whole complaint,
But where shall I begin ?
Nor words, nor thoughts, can fully paint
That worst distemper, sin.

- 3 It lies not in a single part,
 But through my frame is spread;
 A burning fever in my heart,
 A palsy in my head.
- 4 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
 And impotent and lame;
 It overclouds, and fills my mind,
 With folly, fear, and shame.
- 5 A thousand evil thoughts intrude,
 Tumultuous in my breast;
 Which indispose me for my food,
 And rob me of my rest.
- 6 Lord, I am sick, regard my cry,
 And set my spirit free;
 Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
 Who longs to live to thee.

HYMN CXLII. C. M.

O that I were as in months past. Job. xxix. 2.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pard'ning blood
 Apply'd, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
 His praises tun'd my tongue;
 And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,
 His love was all my song.
- 3 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
 And saw his glory shine;
 And when I read his holy word,
 I call'd each promise mine.
- 4 But now when ev'ning shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns:

And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face ;

I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

6 Rise, Lord, now help me to prevail,
And make my foul thy care ;

I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

HYMN CXLIII. Sevens.

The Christian in darkness.

1 SAVIOUR, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive ;

Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive :

Speak the word, and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

2 Once I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fix'd no more to move ;

Then thy grace was all my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love ;

Those were happy golden days,
Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.

3 Little, then, myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's pow'r ;

Now I feel my sins anew,
Now I feel the stormy hour !

Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has chang'd my day to night.

4 Satan asks, and mocks my woe,
" Boaster, where is now your God ? !

Silence, Lord, this cruel foe,

Let him know I'm bought with blood :
Tell him, since I know thy name,
Though I change, thou art the same.

HYMN CXLIV. C. M.

— *The contrite Heart* —

- 1 THE LORD will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow :
Then tell me, gracious GOD, is mine
A contrite heart or no ?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Inferrible as steel ;
If ought is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I cou'd ;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more ;
But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.
- 5 I see thy saints with comfort fill'd,
When in thy house of pray'r ;
But still in bondage I am held,
And find no comfort there.
- 6 O make this heart rejoice or ache ;
Decide this doubt for me ;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it if it be.

HYMN CXLV. Sevens.

Self Examination.

1 'TIS a point I long to find,
Oft it causes anxious thought :
Am I to the Lord inclin'd ?
Am I his, or am I not ?

2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name !

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove ?
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love !

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
You that love the LORD indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you ?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ?
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet
Chuse the ways I once abhor'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou who art thy people's fan ;

Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be mine I begain.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
Help me to praise and pray;
Guide me to the heav'nly shore,
There to see eternal day.

HYMN CXLVII. L. M.

Quality of the world.

- 1 WEALTH is a blessing only lent,
To be repaid by deeds of love;
God gives his bounties to be spent,
To hoard them will his anger move.
- 2 The world's esteem is but a bribe;
To buy its place we sell our own,
Enslav'd by an applauding tribe,
Who praise us while they make us know.
- 3 The joy that vain amusements give,
To him who thoughtless sports and sings,
Is like the honey of a hive,
Which is cur'd by a thousand stings.
- 4 Thus thus the world regards the fools
That live as they are taught by guile;
She holds us up, she holds us by her rules,
And holds us all when we are by guile.
- 5 Thus the world's golden sandals haster down
From the feet of those who dwell in woe;
And with a long despairing groan,
Blaspheme their Maker as they go.
- 6 Would by their woes, may we be wise,
Deliver'd in a Sav'our's arms,
Then God will take us to the skies,
And hold us in everlasting arms.

HYMN CXLVII. C. M.

Trust of the wicked and the righteous. Jer. xvii. 5, 8.

1 SEE how the worthless bramble stands

Beneath a burning sky ;

Wither'd and parch'd in barren sands,

And only grows to die.

2 Such is the sinner's awful case,

Who makes the world his trust ;

And dares his confidence to place

In vanity and dust.

3 A secret curse destroys his root,

And dries his moisture up ;

He lives a while, but bears no fruit,

Then dies without a hope.

4 But happy he whose hopes depend

Upon the Lord alone ;

The soul that trusts in such a friend

Can ne'er be overthrown.

 HYMN CXLVIII. C. M.

Delight in God. Psalm xxxvii. 4.

1 GRANT, Lord, I may delight in thee,

And on thy care depend ;

To thee in ev'ry trouble flee,

My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dry'd,

Thy fulness is the same ;

May I with this be satisfy'd,

And glory in thy name !

3 Why should the soul a drop be mean,

Who has a fountain near,

A fountain which will ever run

With waters sweet and clear ?

- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
 But all is found in thee;
 I must be blessed, and abound,
 While thou art God to me.
- 5 O that I had a stronger faith
 To look within the veil,
 To credit what my Saviour saith,
 Whose word can never fail!
- 6 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
 I triumph and adore;
 Henceforth my great concern shall be
 To love and please thee more.

HYMN CXLIX. L. M.

The wonderful love of Christ.

- 1 COME, let me love, or is my mind
 Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
 I see the blessed fair one hand,
 And stoop t' embrace me from the skies!
- 2 Oh! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
 And make a heart of iron move,
 That those sweet lips, that heavenly look
 Should suck and with a mortal love!
- 3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
 Bound to sustain eternal pains:
 He flew on wings of serene desire,
 Assum'd my guilt and took my chains.
- 4 Infinite grace! almighty charms!
 Stand in amazement rolling skies!
 Jesus the God extends his arms,
 Hang on a cross of love, and die.
- 5 Didst thou ever stoop so low,
 Didst thou in dust and bleed?

Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God ?

6 Again he lives, and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart ;
" By these dear wounds," says he ; and stands
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

7 Sure I must love ; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move ?
Lord ! melt this stubborn heart to tears ;
This heart shall yield to death or love.

HYMN CL. S. M.

A parting Hymn.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.

2 Before our father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

HYMN CLI. S. M.

Christian Love. Cal. iii. 28.

- 1 LET party names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
 Let mutual love be found;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let discord, child of hell!
 Be banish'd far away:
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
 Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN CLII. C. M.

Love to our enemies from the example of Christ.
 Luke xxiii. 34. Matt. v. 44.

- 1 ALoud we sing the wond'rous grace,
 Christ to his murderers bare;
 Which made the tottering cross its throne,
 And hung its trophies there.
- 2 "Father forgive," his mercy cry'd,
 With his expiring breath,

- And drew eternal blessings down
 On those who wrought his death.
- 3 Jesus, this wond'rous love we sing,
 And whilst we sing admire ;
 Breathe on our souls and kindle there,
 The same celestial fire.
- 4 Sway'd by thy dear example, Lord,
 For enemies we'll pray ;
 With love, their hatred we'll reward
 With blessings we'll repay.

HYMN CLIII. C. M.

All attainments vain without love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 3.

- 1 SHOULD bounteous nature kindly pour
 Her richest gifts on me,
 Still, O my God, I should be poor,
 If void of love to thee.
- 2 Not shining wit, nor manly sense,
 Could make me truly good :
 Nor zeal itself could recompense
 The want of love to God.
- 3 Did I possess the gift of tongues,
 But were deny'd thy grace,
 My loudest words, my loftiest songs
 Would be but sounding brass.
- 4 Though thou shouldst give me heav'nly skill,
 Each myst'ry to explain,
 If I'd no heart to do thy will,
 My knowledge would be vain.
- 5 Had I so strong a faith, my God,
 As mountains to remove,
 No faith could do me real good,
 That did not work by love.

6 O grant me then this one request,
 And I'll be satisfy'd,
 That love divine may rule my breast,
 And all my actions guide.

 HYMN CLIV. L. M.

Christian patience. Luke xxi. 19.

1 PATIENCE! O what a grace divine!
 Giv'n by the God of love and pow'r,
 That leans upon a father's hand,
 In ev'ry dark, afflicting hour.

2 By patience we serenely bear
 The troubles of our mortal state;
 And wait contented our discharge,
 Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 Though we in full sensation feel
 The weight, the wounds our God ordains,
 We smile amid our heaviest woes,
 And triumph in our sharpest pains.

4 O for this grace to aid us on,
 And arm with fortitude the breast,
 Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er,
 We reach the shores of endless rest!

5 Faith into vision shall resign,
 Hope shall in full fruition die;
 And patience in possession end
 In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

 HYMN CLV. L. M.

Patience from an assurance of divine love.

1 DEAR Lord, though bitter is the cup,
 Thy gracious hand pours out to me,
 I cheerfully will drink it up,
 That cannot hurt which comes from thee.

2 'Tis fill'd with thine unchanging love,
 And not a drop of wrath is there:
 The saints for ever blest'd above,
 Were often most afflicted here.

3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
 I'll learn obedience to thy will;
 And humbly kiss the chast'ning rod,
 When its severest strokes I feel.

HYMN CLVI. *Eights.*

A Prayer for the promised rest in Christ.

1 DEAR friend of guilty sinners, hear,
 And magnify thy grace divine;
 Pardon a worm that would draw near,
 And make his heart to thee resign,
 A worm, by guilt and sin distress'd,
 That pants to reach the promis'd rest.

2 With holy fear, and rev'rend love,
 I long to lie beneath thy throne;
 In thee to live, in thee to move,
 And stay myself on thee alone:
 Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
 To find in thee the promis'd rest.

3 Sure, Lord, thou wilt thy servants keep,
 And bless them with thy gracious smiles,
 A gentle shepherd of thy sheep,
 To guard them from the tempter's wiles:
 How calm their state, how truly blest,
 Who trust in thee for promis'd rest.

4 Take me, dear Saviour, for thine own,
 And make me love thy righteous cause:
 Be thou my portion, Lord, alone,
 And bend me to obey thy laws:
 Let me in thy dear arms be blest,
 And find in thee the promis'd rest!

HYMN CLVII. C. M.

Rejoice with trembling in hope of heaven.

- 1 I WAS a grov'ling creature once,
And basely cleav'd to earth ;
I wanted wisdom to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.
- 2 But God hath spoke from heav'n above,
And blest a guilty worm ;
Hath giv'n the wings of joy and love
To seek an Angel's form.
- 3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand ;
I hear the promise from on high,
And view the glorious land.
- 4 Blest Lord of all the vast domain,
This promise is to me ;
The length, the breadth, and all the plain,
And more than faith can see.
- 5 Though comforting this gracious pledge,
To thee for help I call,
For still I stand on Pisgah's edge :
O save me lest I fall !
- 6 Though much exalted by the Lord,
My strength is not my own ;
O let me tremble at his word,
Then none shall cast me down.

HYMN CLVIII. Eights and Sevens.

Trusting in the grace of Christ.

- 1 'TIS the Lord thus far hath brought me,
By his watchful tender care ;
Sure 'tis he himself hath taught me
How to seek his face by pray'r ;

After so much mercy past,
Will he give me up at last?

2 True I've been a guilty creature,
And have sinn'd against his grace;
But forgiveness is his nature,
Though he justly hides his face:
Ere he call'd me, well he knew
What a heart like mine would do.

3 In the Saviour's intercession
'Therefore still I will confide;
Lord accept my free confession:
Though I've sinn'd, yet thou hast dy'd:
This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need.

HYMN CLIX. C. M.

A prayer for the restoration of the divine presence.

1 BLEST Saviour, by thy pow'rful word,
Once night was turn'd to day;
And thy salvation joy restor'd,
Which I had sin'd away.

2 'Twas then I wonder'd and ador'd,
To see thy grace divine;
I felt thy love, I prais'd the Lord,
Who made such blessings mine.

3 Wilt thou not still vouchsafe to own
A wretch so vile as I?
May I not still approach thy throne,
And Abba father cry?

4 Lord, speak a gracious word again,
And cheer my drooping heart,
No voice but thine can soothe my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.

HYMN CLX. L. M.

The burdened soul praying for relief.

- 1 WITH kind compassion hear my cry,
 O Jesus, Lord of life on high !
 And on thy servant's drooping head,
 The dews of blessing sweetly shed.
- 2 Change all my sad complaints to ease,
 To cheerful notes of endless praise ;
 A sense of pard'ning favor give,
 And raise my mind and bid me live.
- 3 My fears of danger while I breathe,
 My dread of endless hell beneath,
 My sense of sorrow for my sin,
 To springing comfort change within.
- 4 Be not to me a judge severe,
 For so thy presence who can bear ?
 But oh, regard my mournful cry,
 And look with mercy's gracious eye.
- 5 Then grant, O Lord, that I may burn
 To make my Saviour some return,
 And be my heart inspir'd to rise,
 On wings of love to yonder skies.
- 6 Lead me with joy to bear my cross,
 Despising ev'ry grief and loss,
 Since thou, despising shame and pain,
 Stretch'd on the bloody cross wast slain.

HYMN CLXI. L. M.

Prayer of a Penitent. Psa. vi. Paraphrased.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would hear my cry,
 And stay his anger lest I die !
 Thy wrath is just—yet, Oh, forgive !
 And let a mourning sinner live

- 2 Shouldst thou my body crush to dust,
I still must say that God is just;
But yet I hope thy grace to share,
That mercy will the sinner spare.
- 3 In all my frame, without, within,
I feel the sad effects of sin;
How long, my God, must I complain,
And deprecate thy wrath in vain?
- 4 Oh should I die depriv'd of thee?
What being else can succour me?
Thy frowns would rend my soul in death,
And sink it to the depth beneath.
- 5 Ye darling sins that plague me so,
The greatest enemies I know,
Depart—for God hath heard my pray'r,
And will not let me long despair.
- 6 No; I shall yet his goodness bless;
And when this transient life shall pass,
Then full of glory, I shall prove
He can be just, and sinners love.

 HYMN CLXII. Tens.
The Backslider's Return.

- 1 O THOU, my God, who from thy throne
supreme,
Art mindful of the penitential tear,
Kindly dispersing, with thy mercy's beam,
The gath'ring clouds of darkness and despair;
Lord, lend thine ear! O hear a sinner's cry!
And save a wretch thy law condemns to die!
- 2 Long has thy gospel sounded in mine ears,
And once I tho't I made thy ways my choice;
But now, alas! o'erwhelm'd with gloomy fears,
I scarce can hear my heav'nly shepherd's voice

Oh shine again! revive my drooping heart!
Subdue my foes, and bid my fears depart!

3 Entangled with the world's delusive charms,
Mine enemies against my soul prevail;
Prevail to thrust me, wretched, from thine arms,
Whilst guilt and unbelief my hope assail.

O God, my God, display thy guardian care,
Nor let me fall a victim to despair!

4 Does not thy promise bid me rest secure?
And can I trust thy faithfulness in vain?
Shall not thy truth from age to age endure?
And wilt thou not thy people's cause maintain?
Then shine again, my fainting soul restore,
And hold me with thy hand to fall no more!

HYMN CLXIII. Eights and Sixes.

Healing from a view of the Cross.

1 WITH fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
When Israel's mourning tribes complain'd,
And sigh'd to be reliev'd;
A serpent strait the prophet made,
Of molten brass, to view display'd:
The patient look'd and liv'd.

2 But O what healing to the heart,
Doth Jesu's greater cross impart
To those that seek a cure?
Israel of old, and we no less
The same indulgent grace confess,
While life and breath endure.

3 To reason's view this strange effect,
Self righteous souls will still reject,
And perish in their pride,
But those who're stung with sin and law
Do all their rich salvation draw
From Jesu's bleeding side.

4 May we then view the matchless cross,
All other objects count but loss;

No other gain desire:
Here still be fix'd our fix'd eyes,
Weeping with tears of glad surprise;
And thankfully admire.

5 Hail, great Emmanuel, beaming name!
Thy praise the ransom'd wail proclaim;
Thee we Physician call:

We own no other cure but thine,
Thou, the deliverer divine,
Our health, our life, our all.

HYMN CLXIV. C. M.

Christian Resignation? or, God our portion.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Tho' the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

4 What is the world with all its store?
'Tis a deceitful cheat;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A piercing thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can never be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall;
Mult' changing scenes and dying friends,
Be thou my all in all.

HYMN CLXV. C. M.

Submission and hope in divine goodness.

- 1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favor, all my journey thro'
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!
- 6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Will drive these thoughts away.

HYMN CLXVI. C. M.

Christian Self-denial. Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23.

- 1 AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord for thee?
It is but right since thou hast done
Much more for me than this for me.

- 2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
Will more than make amends,
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compar'd with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!
- 4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Tho' destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

H Y M N CLXVII. C. M.

Sincerity and truth. Phil. iv. 8.

- 1 LET those who bear the Christian name
Their holy vows fulfil:
The saints, the followers of the lamb,
Are men of honor still.
- 2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
Tho' to their hurt they swear:
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.
- 3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise:
They know the God of truth can see
Thro' every false disguise.
- 4 From all deceit they swiftly fly,
What ever shape it wears,
They love the truth—and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.
- 5 Lo! from afar the Lord descends,
And brings the judgment down;

He bids his faints, his faithful friends,
Rise and possess their crown.

6 While Satan trembles at the sight,
And devils wish to die,
Where will the faithless hypocrite
And guilty liar fly?

HYMN CLXVIII. L. M.

Tekel; or the sinner weighed in the balance, and found wanting. Dan. v. 27.

1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye;
Behold God's balance lifted high;
There shall his justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2 See in one scale his perfect law;
Mark with what force its precepts draw:
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain,
Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!

3 Behold the hand of God appears
To trace in dreadful characters;
"Sinner, thy soul is wanting found,
"And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."

4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace;
And horror change thy guilty face,
Thro' all thy thoughts let anguish roll;
Till deep repentance melt thy soul.

5 One only hope may yet prevail;
Christ hath a weight to turn the scale;
Still doth the gospel publish peace,
And show a Saviour's righteousness.

6 Great God, exert thy pow'r to save;
Deep on the heart, these truths engrave;
The pond'rous load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

HYMN CLXIX. C. M.

A sinner lamenting the delay of divine grace.

- 1 LONG have I walk'd this dreary road,
Beset with darkness round ;
Nor seen nor heard a smiling God,
Nor one bright moment found.
- 2 Others, who once did join my speech,
And mourn'd in painful lay,
Now mounting up with rapture, stretch
To seize a heav'nly day.
- 3 Far left behind to feel my woe,
With harden'd heart to groan,
Each pray'r, each struggle sinks me low,
Each breath repeats my moan.
- 4 The lengthen'd day, the gloomy night,
Draw fast the bands of grief ;
Sometimes despair o'erclouds my sight,
And says, there's no relief.
- 5 Then conscience thunders, Sinai flames,
I try again to rise ;
The trial fails, and conscience blames
My pray'rs, my tears, my cries.
- 6 If hope perchance a moment gleams,
And says, Christ's blood was spilt ;
My heart of sin beclouds the beams,
And seals my death and guilt.
- 7 'Tis thus perplex'd, forlorn, and lost,
I spend my weary days ;
No Jesus comes, my hopes are cross'd,
While others sing and praise.

HYMN CLXX. L. M.

God's answer to a sinner complaining of grace delayed.

1 SINNER, behold I've heard thy groan,
I know thy heart, thy life I've known;
I've seen thy hope from grace proclaim'd,
Thy trembling fear when Sinai flam'd.

2 To me, the mighty God, attend,
In me behold the sinner's friend;
'Twas I who gave thy conscience voice,
Thou hast oppos'd by sinful choice.

3 Think not to bribe my sov'reign grace,
Nor move me by a forrowing face;
'Tis thine own heart makes grace delay,
And hides a pard'ning, glorious day.

4 Mov'd by thy fear, and not by love,
Thy daily pray'rs are sent above;
Thou hast not wish'd my will to meet,
Nor lain submissive at my feet.

5 The holy terms of gospel grace,
Have hid my glory from thy face;
To hearts and wills like thine oppos'd
The door of peace is ever clos'd.

6 Should thy proud will at length submit,
With holy sorrow deeply smit,
Thy voice would be the first to say,
I'm glorious in this long delay.

7 Stay, sinner, cease my grace to chide,
Nor think thy moans such sin can hide,
Delay no more, repent and live,
Or meet the death my wrath must give.

HYMN CLXXI. C. M.

Longing for Heaven.

- 1 SURE 'tis in vain to seek for bliss,
For bliss can ne'er be found,
'Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread on heav'nly ground.
- 2 There's nothing round the spreading skies,
Or on this earthy clod;
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.
- 3 'Tis heav'n on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quick'ning grace:
And all the heav'n I hope above,
Is but to see his face.
- 4 Why move my years in slow delay?
And why this fear to die?
Death's but a guide that leads my way,
To a superior sky.
- 5 Dear Sov'reign, break these vital strings,
That bind me to my clay;
Help me to rise and stretch my wings,
And mount and soar away.

HYMN CLXXII. L. M.

A Christian passing through death to glory.

- 1 'TIS Jesus calls my soul away,
I hear his voice, and I obey;
For sure his wondrous power to save,
Strangely perfumes the wasting grave.
- 2 My weakness, weariness and pain,
My glorious leader can sustain,
To heal the wounds of sin and death
He bids me look to him by faith.

3 Faith like an anchor, through the veil,
Secures a hold that cannot fail;
There, through a Saviour's cleansing blood,
Beholds a reconciled God.

4 'This tottering frame I feel give way,
My sight decays, I lose the day;
But sure I feel a power divine,
And heav'nly glories round me shine.

5 In love triumphing now I sing,
Death and the grave have lost their sting,
Adieu, corruption, sin and pain,
With Jesus now I live and reign.

6 O, the bright glories of the place,
What radiant smiles from Jesus's face!
Too bright for mortal heart to bear
'Tis heaven itself I see and hear.

7 Strangely inspir'd, I find my tongue
Can speak my feelings in my song,
And all the heav'nly armies join,
To sing Messiah all divine.

HYMN CLXXIII. C. M. In four parts

Death and Heaven.

PART I.

The spirit's farewell to the body after long sickness.

1 HOW am I held a pris'ner now,
Far from my God! this mortal chain
Binds me to sorrow: all below
Is short liv'd ease, or tiresome pain.

2 When shall that wond'rous hour appear,
Which leads me from this dark abode,
To live at large in regions where
Nor cloud nor veil shall hide my God.

3 Farewell this flesh, these ears, these eyes,
These snares and fetters of the mind,
My God! nor let this frame arise,
Till ev'ry dust be well refin'd.

4 Blest Jesus! make my nature whole,
Mould me a body like thy own,
Then shall it better serve my soul,
In works of praise and worlds unknown.

PART II.

The departing moment, or, absent from the body.

5 ABSENT from flesh! O blissful thought!
What unknown joys this moment brings!
Freed from the mischief sin hath wrought,
From pains and tears and all their springs.

6 Absent from flesh! illustrious day!
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke!
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.

7 Absent from flesh! then rise, my soul!
Where feet or wings could never climb,
Beyond the heav'ns where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

8 I go where God and glory shine;
His presence makes eternal day:
My all that's mortal I resign,
For Jesus waits and points the way.

PART III.

Entrance into Paradise, or presence with the Lord.

9 AND is this heav'n? and am I there?
How short the road, how swift the sigh.
I am all life, all eye, all ear;
Jesus is here—my soul's delight.

10. Is this the heav'nly friend who hung
 In blood and anguish on the tree,
 Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung,
 Who dy'd for them, who dy'd for me ?

11. Lo ! he presents me at the throne
 Allipostle ; there the Godhead reigns
 Sublime and peaceful through the Son ;
 Awake my voice in heav'nly strains.

12. How fair, thou blest, eternal word !
 Full Godhead shines through all thy face !
 Thy death procur'd this blest abode,
 Thy vital beams adorn the place !

PART IV.

The sight of God in Heaven.

13. Creator God, eternal light,
 Fountain of good, tremendous pow'r,
 Ocean of wonders, blissful sight,
 Egaoty and love unknown before !

14. Thy grace, thy nature, all unknown
 In yon dark region whence I came,
 Where languid glimpses from thy throne,
 And feeble whispers taught thy name.

15. 'Tis in a world where all is new ;
 Myself, my God ; O blest amazed !
 Not my best hopes or wishes know
 To form a shadow of this grace.

16. Fix'd in a world my heart afloat,
 My soul afloat, my senses lost,
 Yet in thy light I see no more,
 Than in the darkness of my soul.

HYMN CLXXIV. C. M.

Spiritual mindedness ; or inward religion. James i. 27.

- 1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know !
- 2 More needful this, than glitt'ring wealth,
Or ought the world bestows ;
Nor reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own !
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

HYMN CLXXV. C. M.

Encouragement to trust and love God. Psalm xxxiv.

- 1 'THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distress'd,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Protection canonised to all
Who make his name their trust.
- 4 Ours is the but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How blessed are they, and only they,
Who in his trust confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Come unto his service your delight;
He'll make your wants his care.

HYMN CLXXVI. L. M.

Trust and confidence; or, Looking beyond present circumstances. Heb. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear,
Near to His name no more take place;
Thou'st His doth not yet appear,
But hides the brightness of his face:
- 2 Still by me never let him go,
Nor loosely to the tempter yield;
His strength will lead triumphing thro'
I never will give up the field.
- 3 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
Thou'ldst I had share the sinner's toil;
- 4 The empty sty shall no herd afford,
And to all the bleating race,
Yet I will triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

HYMN CLXXVII. L. M.

D despair presently thy trust in G D.

1 LORD who shall drive my trembling soul
From trust in thee to dark despair?

Who has survey'd the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?

2 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's sov'reign reign:

What other happy souls have found,
O may I seek, nor seek in vain!

3 I own my guilt, my sins confess;
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes already number'd,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.

4 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast dy'd,
I will not urge my speedier flight,
To seek salvation at thy side.

5 Lay at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To let me reveal my guilt and fear;
And—should thou scorn me from thy throne,
I'll be the first who perish there.

HYMN CLXXVIII. Eight and Sixes.

From our text—It is I, be not afraid, John vi. 20.

1 UNCLEAN! unclean! and full of sin,
From first to last, alas, I've been!

2 Deceitful is my heart:
Guilt presses down my burden'd soul,
But Jesus can the waves control,
And bid my fears depart.

3 When first I heard his word of grace,
How gratefully I hid my face,
How gratefully I pray'd:

At length his voice more powerful came,

“Thou art I!” he cry’d “I’m still the same,

“Thou need’st not be afraid.”

3 My heart was chang’d—in that same hour

My soul confess’d his mighty pow’r,

I shed a grateful tear;

Then listen’d still to hear his voice,

Again he said, “In me rejoice,

“Thou art I, thou need’st not fear.”

4 “Unworthy of thy love,” I cry’d

“Freely I love,” he soon reply’d.

“On me thy faith be laid;

“On me for every thing depend,

“I’m Jesus still, the sinner’s friend,

“Thou need’st not be afraid.”

HYMN CLXXIX. I. M.

Love to Jesus.

1 TIME will I love my Lord, my tow’r,

Thou wilt I love, my joy, my crown;

Thou wilt I love with all my pow’r,

Of mind, and strength, and thee alone.

2 Time will I love, and bless thy throne;

Thou wilt I love, my Lord, my God;

Thou wilt I love beneath thy frown,

Thy smile, thy scepter, or thy rod.

HYMN CLXXX. I. M.

Prayer of the angels praising their Lord.

1 TO THEE, O King, all eternal song,

Shall be sung, on thy Royal throne,

Attending, ye heav’nly powers,

And ye saints, who sing, not ye who love.

- 2 O'er your to sing the love and grace
Of love divine and how it acts
To help the man, with trumpet great
Sing loud, for God the King appears.
- 3 Hail Beth'lem! Hail the ruddy one,
Whose rays adorn the infant Son
I hail, of a virgin born,
A God! a man to die in blood.
- 4 For us, Salvation wide displays
Her ambient and refreshing wing;
Thy love, O our Saviour, we will praise,
And all its peerless glories sing.
- 5 We'll sing the garden and the tree,
Red with the blood that cries for peace;
Heaven echoes back as pleas'd, in thee
To show its glories and its grace.
- 6 We'll sing a note that high prevails,
Above the angels free from sin;
Who cannot taste the love that heal's
Or sweets of conscience, thus made clean.
- 7 Thy love, O Jesus, is the theme,
The song of saints shall ever tell;
And through eternity proclaim
Thy victory over sin and hell.

HYMN CLXXXI. C. M.

Longing for nearness to God.

- 1 O COULD I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God;
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And lean upon his word.
- 2 Lord I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;

- In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
- 3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.
- 5 Trough boundless grace I then shall spend,
An everlasting day,
In the embraces of that friend,
Who took my guilt away.
- 6 His worthy name shall have the praise,
To whom all praise is due;
While angels and archangels gaze,
On scenes forever new.

 HYMN CLXXXII. L. M.

The struggle between faith and unbelief. Mark ix. 24.

- 1 JESUS, believing we rejoice,
And triumph in thy pard'ning voice,
But when our unbelief prevails,
Our hope departs, our comfort fails.
- 2 Thy promise does our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt and fears, and sorrows rise,
When unbelief o'erclouds our eyes.
- 3 O let not sin and Satan boast,
While we lie mourning in the dust;
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious pow'r hath wrought,

4 Do thou the dying spark inflame ;
 Reveal the glories of thy name ;
 And put all anxious doubts to flight,
 As shades dispers'd by op'ning light.

HYMN CLXXXIII. C. M.

Christ the head of the Church. Eph. iv. 15, 16.

1 JESUS, we sing thy matchless grace,
 That calls base worms thy own ;
 Gives them among thy saints a place,
 To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee our vital head,
 We act, and grow, and thrive :
 From thee divided, each is dead,
 When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
 All join in sweet accord ;
 One body all in mutual love,
 And thou, their common Lord.

4 O may our faith each hour receive
 The spirit from above,
 Thus death and hell shall ne'er deceive,
 Nor break the bond of love.

5 Thou the whole body wilt present
 Before thy Father's face ;
 Nor shall a wrinkle, or a spot,
 Its beauteous form disgrace.

HYMN CLXXXIV. L. M.

Retirement and meditation. Psalm iv. 4.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
 And chase these shadowy forms no more ;
 Seek out some solitude to mourn,
 And thy forsaken God implore.

- 2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home ;
 Requir'd and flint seek them there :
 This is the way to overcome,
 The way to break the tempter's snare.
- 3 And then, my God, whose piercing eyes
 Distinct survey's each deep recess,
 In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
 And with thy presence fill the place.
- 4 Through the recesses of my heart
 My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
 And still its radiant beams impart,
 Till all be search'd and purg'd.
- 5 Then, with the visits of thy love,
 Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;
 Till ev'ry grace shall join to prove,
 That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

HYMN CLXXXVI. C. M.

Submission under bereaving providences. Ps. xlv. 10.

- 1 PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,
 That bluffs our joys in death ;
 Changes the village once so dear,
 And gathers back our breath.
- 2 'Tis He, the potentate Supreme
 Of all the worlds above,
 Whose steady council wisely rule,
 Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis He, whose power no night demand
 Our souls a sacrifice ;
 Yet scatters with unwearied hand
 A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Our cov'ring-God, who dwells on high
 To comfort us in grief ;
 Whose presence, like the light of day, bears
 With us the shining shield.

5 Silent we own Jehovah's name ;
 We kiss thy scourging hand ;
 And yield our comforts, and our life,
 To thy supreme command.

HYMN CLXXXVI. C. M.

Belshazzar, or the sinner trembling. Dan. v. 5—6.

- 1 POOR sinners! little do they think
 With whom they have to do !
 They stand securely on the brink
 Of everlasting woe.
- 2 Chaldea's king profanely bold,
 The Lord of hosts defy'd ;
 But vengeance soon his boasts control'd,
 And humbled all his pride.
- 3 He saw a hand upon the wall,
 (And trembled on his throne)
 Which wrote his sudden, dreadful fall
 In characters unknown.
- 4 See him o'erwhelm'd with deep distress !
 His eyes with anguish roll ;
 His looks and loosen'd joints express
 The terrors of his soul.
- 5 His pomp and music, guests and wine,
 No more delight afford ;
 O sinner, e'er this case be thine,
 Begin to seek the Lord.
- 6 The law like this hand writing stands,
 And speaks the wrath of God,
 But Jesus answers its demands
 And cancels it with blood.

HYMN CLXXXVII. L. M.

Parable of the wheat and tares. Matt. xiii. 37—42.

1 THOUGH in the earthly church below

The wheat and tares together grow;

Jesus ere long will weed the crop,

And pluck the tares, in anger, up.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,

To recollect their stations here?

How much they heard, how much they knew,

How long among the wheat they grew!

3 Oh! this will aggravate their case!

They perish under means of grace;

To them the word of life and faith,

Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,

Strangers might think we all were wheat;

But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,

Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spar'd for various ends,

Some, for the sake of praying friends;

Others, the Lord, against their will,

Employs his counsel to fulfil.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong,

His plan will not require them long;

In harvest when he saves his own,

The tares shall into hell be thrown.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. Eights and Sevens.

Blind Bartimeus. Mark x. 47, 48.

1 "MERCY; O thou son of David!"

Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd;

Others by the word are saved,

Now to me afford thine aid.

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still ;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
“ Come, and ask me what you will.”

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging us'd to live ;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted,
Alms, which none but he could give.

4 “ Lord remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day.”
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5 Oh ! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around ;
“ Friends is not my case amazing ?
What a Saviour I have found.

6 Oh ! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advis'd by me !
Surely, would they hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see.

7 Now I freely leave my garment,
Follow Jesus in the way,
He will guide me by his counsel,
Bring me to eternal day.”

HYMN CLXXXIX. L. M.

Our bodies the temple of the Holy Ghost. I Cor. vi.
19. I John v. 21.

1 AND will the offended God again
Return and dwell with sinful men ?
Will he within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise ?

2 The joyful news transports my breast,
 All hail ! I cry, thou heav'nly guest !
 Lift up your heads, ye powers within,
 And let the king of glory in.

3 Enter with all thy heav'nly train,
 Here live, and here forever reign :
 Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway,
 Let love command, and I'll obey.

4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
 And pay their homage at thy feet :
 To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
 And bid each rival thence depart.

HYMN CXC. Sevens and Sixes.

The pilgrim's song.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rd's heav'n thy native place :
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course :
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source :
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Presses to view his glorious face ;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
 While I that coast explore ;
 Flattering world, with all thy snares,
 Solicit me no more.

Pilgrims fix not here their home :

Strangers tarry but a night,
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

4 Cease ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies :

There we'll join the heav'nly train,
Welcom'd to partake the bliss,
Fly from sorrow and from pain,
To realms of endless peace.

HYMN CXCI. L. M.

The Christian warfare.

1 JESUS my king proclaims the war,
"Awake ! the powers of hell are near !
"Arm with my grace !" I hear him cry,
"Tis yours to conquer, or to die."

2 Rous'd by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around ;
Make haste to gird my armour on,
And bid each trembling fear be gone.

3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
The word of God, the sword I wield :
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight,
Resolv'd to put my foes to flight ;
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I trust ;
His bleeding cross is all my boast :
Thro' troops of foes he'll lead me on
To vict'ry, and the victor's crown.

HYMN. CXCII. SEVEN.

Flying to Christ under Temptation.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the form of life be past,
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Lo! I helpless hang on thee;
 Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
 Lest I basely shrink and flee;
 Thou art all my trust and aid,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing!
- 3 'Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 Boundless love in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness,
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Pious grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Rejoice, O Lord, within my heart,
 Reign to all eternity.

HYMN CXCIH. L. M.

Hypocrites, or the blasted fig-tree. Mark XI. 20.

1 ONE awful word which Jesus spoke,
Against the tree which bore no fruit,
More dreadful than the light'ning's stroke,
Blasted and dry'd it to the root.

2 How many, who the gospel hear,
Whom Satan blinds and sin deceives,
May with this wither'd tree compare?
They yeld no fruit, but only leaves.

3 Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and talk,
Unless combin'd with faith and love,
And witness'd by a gospel walk,
Will not a true profession prove.

4 Without such fruit as God expects,
Knowledge will make our state the worse;
The barren trees he still rejects,
And soon will blast them with his curse.

5 O Lord, unite our hearts in pray'r,
On each of us thy spirit send;
That we the fruits of grace may bear,
And find acceptance in the end.

HYMN CXCIV. L. M.

Christians endangered by the cares of the world. Luke
x. 38—42.

1 BLESS'D Martha love and joy express'd,
To entertain her heav'nly guest;
While Mary, ravish'd with her Lord,
Sat at his feet, and heard his word.

2 True love divine, in both the same,
Led each to glorify his name;
Each met her Lord with joyful heart,
"But Mary chose the better part."

- 3 While one prepar'd her earthly bread,
The other waited to be fed;
One toil'd with care to spread a feast,
The other lean'd on Jesu's breast.
- 4 Both met the favor of their Lord,
His grace for each prepar'd a word;
While Mary drank full draughts of love,
Grace, careful Martha, did reprove.
- 5 Thus Christians with the world are vex'd,
Oft are encumber'd and perplex'd;
Vain trifles so engross their thought,
The one thing needful is forgot.
- 6 Teach us, dear Lord, that part to choose,
Which through thy grace we ne'er shall lose;
Then could we call the world our own,
We'd leave it all to see thy throne.

HYMN CXCIV. C. M.

The rich worldling condemned, Luke xii. 16—21.

- 1 "MY barns are full, my stores increase,
And now for many years,
Soul, eat and drink and take thine ease,
Secure from wants and fears."
- 2 Thus while a worldling boasted once,
As many now presume;
He heard the Lord himself pronounce,
His sudden, awful doom.
- 3 "This night vain fool, thy soul shall pass
Into a world unknown;
And who shall then the store possess,
Which thou hast call'd thine own?"
- 4 Thus blind Ignorance, fondly, seeh the
Perils of the world;

Till death destroys the pleasing dream,
And they awake to woe.

5 Ah! who can speak the vast dismay
That fills the sinner's mind,
When torn, by death's strong hand away,
He leaves his all behind.

6 Worldlings, who cleave to earthly things,
But are not rich to God,
Will feel that death is full of stings,
And hell a dark abode.

7 Dear Saviour, make us timely wise,
Thy gospel to attend;
That we may live above the skies,
When time and life shall end.

HYMN CXCVI. S. M.

Importunate Prayer. Luke xviii. 1—7.

1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of ev'ry faint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.

4 Jesus the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

- 5 His nature, truth and love,
Engage him on their side;
When they are griev'd, his bowels move,
They will not be deny'd.
- 6 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in pray'r,
He sees, he hears, and from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

HYMN CXCVII. I. M.

Exhortation to Prayer.

- 1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Pray'r makes the dark'ned-cloud withdraw
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest faint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the full tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

HYMN CXCVIII. S. M.

Waiting at the Pool. John v. 2—4.

- 1 BESIDE the gospel pool
Appointed for the poor;
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 When will the Lord appear,
My malady to heal!
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.
- 3 How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.
- 4 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.
- 5 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and cry,
Will Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?
- 6 No! he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

HYMN CXCIX. C. M.

Eternal Life in Christ. John vi. 67—69.

- 1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(As none do but often do)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Will they forsake me too?"

- 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
My faith will fail, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.
- 3 'Tis thou alone hast pow'r and grace,
To save a wretch like me ;
To whom shall I then turn my face,
If I depart from thee.
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
Thou art the CHRIST of GOD ;
Who hast eternal life secur'd
By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd,
Could never reach my case ;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart ;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

H Y M N C C. Eights and Sixes.

Power of Divine Love. Acts ix. 6.

- 1 IF GOD had bid his thunders roll,
And lightnings flash, to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been :
But mercy has my heart subdu'd,
A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,
And now I hate my sin.
- 2 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
Come take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free ;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my pow'rs in waiting stand,
To be employ'd by thee.

3 My will conform'd to thine would move,
On thee my hope, desire, and love,
In fix'd attention join;

My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,
Have Satan's servants been too long,
But now they shall be thine.

4 And can I be the very same,
Who lately durst blaspheme thy name,
And on thy gospel tread?

Surely each one who hears my case,
Will praise thee, and confess thy grace
Invincible indeed!

HYMN. C C I. C. M.

Joy in the holy gift.

1 MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God, my saviour and my God,
I hear thy joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home;
My sighs are turned into songs,
The comforter is come.

3 Down from on high the blessed dove,
Is come into my breast;
To witness God's eternal love;
This is my heav'nly feast.

4 This makes me abba father cry,
With confidence of soul;
It makes me cry my Lord, my God,
And that without control.

5 There is a stream which issues forth
From God's eternal throne,

- And from the lamb, a living stream,
Clear as the chrystal stone.
- 6 The stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the angels sing,
One cordial drop revives my heart;
Hence all my joys do spring.
- 7 Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.
- 8 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd.
- 9 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love;
My soul doth leap: but Oh! for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove!
- 10 Then should I flee far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin;
Then should my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.
- 11 Then should my soul with angels feast
On joy that always last:
Ere it be my God, the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taste.

HYMN CCH. C. M.

Written in a revival of religion.

- 1 HARK! hark! the sound, on earth 'tis found,
My soul doth long to hear
Of dying love that's from above,
Of pardon bought most dear.

- 2 God's ministers, a flaming fire,
Are passing through the land,
Their voice is, "hear, repent and fear,
King Jesus is at hand."
- 3 Young converts sing and praise their king,
And bless God's holy name;
Whilst older saints leave their complaints,
And joy to join the theme.
- 4 Convinc'd of sin, men now begin
To call upon the Lord,
Trembling they pray, and mourn the day
In which they scorn'd his word.
- 5 God's chariot rolls, it frights the souls
Of those who hate the truth;
And saints in pray'r, cry, Lord draw near,
Have mercy on the youth!
- 6 Pour down a show'r of thy great pow'r,
On ev'ry aching heart;
On all who try, and humbly cry,
That they may have a part.
- 7 Come sinners, all, hear now God's call,
And pray with one accord!
Saints, raise your songs—with joyful tongues,
To hail th' approaching Lord.

 HYMN CCIH. I. M.

An awakened sinner lamenting his past security.

- 1 ALAS, alas how blind I've been,
How little of myself I've seen!
Sportive I sail'd the sensual tide,
'Thoughtless of God whom I defy'd.
- 2 I heard of heav'n, I heard of hell,
Where bliss and woe eternal dwell;

But mock'd the threats of truth divine,
And scorn'd the place where angels shine.

3 My angry heart refus'd the blood
Of a descending, suffering God;
And guilty passion boldly broke
The holy law which heav'n had spoke.

4 Th' alluring world control'd my choice,
When conscience spoke, I hush'd its voice,
Securely laugh'd along the road,
Which hapless millions first had trod.

5 Now the almighty God comes near,
And makes me shake with awful fear;
His terrors all my strength exhaust,
My fear grows high, my peace is lost.

6 With keen remorse I feel my wound,
And seem to hear the dreadful sound,
"Depart from me, thou wretch undone,
Go reap thy sin, and feel my frown."

7 Thus ends my mirthful thoughtless life,
Fill'd up with folly, guilt and strife;
Perhaps I sink to endless pain,
Nor hear the voice of joy again.

HYMN CCIV. C. M.

The successful resolve. I will go in unto the king.
Ezra iv. 16.

1 COME, I wretched sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
To this successful resolve.

2 "I will go in unto the king,"
I will go in unto the king,
"I will go in unto the king,"
I will go in unto the king.

- 3 " Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 " And there my guilt confess,
 " I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
 " Without his sov'reign grace.
- 4 " I'll to the gracious king approach,
 " Whose sceptre pardon gives,
 " Perhaps he may command my touch,
 " And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 " Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 " Perhaps will hear my pray'r ;
 " But if I perish I will pray,
 " And perish only there.
- 6 " I can but perish if I go,
 " I am resolv'd to try :
 " For if I stay away, I know
 " I must forever die."

HYMN CCV. Eights and Sixes.

The returning penitent.

- 1 When with my mind devoutly press'd,
 Dear Saviour, my revolving breast
 Would past offences trace ;
 Trembling I make the black review,
 Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
 The power of changing grace.
- 2 This tongue with blasphemies defil'd,
 These feet to erring paths beguil'd,
 In heav'nly language
 Who would believe such lips could praise,
 Or think from dark and winding ways,
 Ye'er should turn to thee ?
- 3 These eyes that once shud'd the light,
 Now lift to thee their wat'ry sight,
 And weep a silent flood ;

If fountains are rais'd in each of our pray'rs,
 Oh wash away the stains they wear,
 In pure redeeming blood.

4 These ears that once could entertain
 The midnight oath, the lustful strain,
 Around the festive board;
 Now deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
 Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
 And long to hear thy word.

5 Thus art thou furnish'd in every part,
 O God, thy self, to sanctify my heart,
 That every thing may be
 Under grace and nature's pow'rs control,
 And a new creature, body, soul,
 Be all and wholly thine!

HYMN CCVI. Elevens.

And the soul of the people was much displeas'd because of the way. Numbers xlii. 2.

1 HO! how would I grieve to see those which infest
 The way that leads this world to the Canaan of rest!
 The travellers of his land would obey,
 Yet still they stand 'gainst it because of the way.

2 Though Satan, the world, and corruptions
 combine

And try to prevent the poor Pilgrim's design,
 They cannot hinder though they often betray
 And make the way a thorny and beset way.

3 As soon as he would do, in part, if he would stand,
 His strength is weak, and temptations are around;
 For every man hath, only he is led the way,
 Whom the Holy Spirit discomf'eth because of the way.

4 Yet why should the Christian of Canaan des-
pair,

Perplex'd or alarm'd with dishonoring fear ?

Let him but his map and his leader obey,

Nor more be discourag'd because of the way.

5 In Christ inexhaustible treasures are stor'd,

And Jesus will suitable blessings afford ;

Then why should the Pilgrim be fill'd with
dismay ?

Or why be discourag'd because of the way ?

6 Unquenchable love and omnipotent pow'r,

Will land him ere long on the heav'nly shore ;

There pleasure eternal will amply repay

For all the discouragements found in the way.

H Y M N C C V I I . Elevens.

Exceeding great and precious promises, 2 Pet. i. 4.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !

What more can he say than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled.

2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;

At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,

' As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
' ever be.

3 ' Fear not I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,

' For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;

' I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
' stand,

' Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 ' When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,

' The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;

' For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,

' And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.

- 5 ' When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 ' My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
 ' The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
 ' Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 ' Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
 ' My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
 ' And then, when grey hairs shall their temples
 ' adorn,
 ' Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7 ' The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
 ' I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
 ' That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
 ' I'll never—no never—no never forsake.'

HYMN CCVIII. C. M.

The request.

- 1 FATHER, what'er of earthly bliss,
 Thy sov'reign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :
- 2 " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 " From ev'ry murmur free :
 " The blessings of thy grace impart,
 " And make me live to thee.
- 3 " Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
 " My life and death attend ;
 " Thy presence through my journey bring,
 " And crown my journey's end."

HYMN CCIX. C. M.

Watchfulness and prayer. Matt. xxiv. 41.

- 1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise !
 What snare beset my way !
 To Heaven O let me lift my eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears !

My weak resistance, ah, how vain !
How strong my foes and fears !

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid,
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy pow'ful aid impart,
Nor cease to be my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heav'nly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

H Y M N C C X. L. M.

Prayer answered by crosses.

1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace ;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r ;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request ;

And by his love's constraining pow'r,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry pow'rs of hell,
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe ;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd
Blasted my grounds, and laid me low.

6 ' Lord, why is this,' I trembling cry'd,
' Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ?
' 'Tis in this way, the Lord reply'd,
' I answer pray'r for grace and faith.

7 ' These inward trials I employ,
' From self, and pride, to set thee free ;
' And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
' That thou may'st seek thy all in me.'

HYMN C C X I . C . M .

Secret prayer. Matt. vi. 6.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees thro' the darkest night ;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart discerning sight.

2 There may thy piercing eye survey
My solemn homage paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry evening's shade.

3 O let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame ;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
 My soul in secret bless;
 So shalt thou deign in worlds above
 Thy suppliant to confess.

HYMN CCXII. L. M.

Family prayer. Gen. xviii. 19.

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
 Which crowns our families with peace,
 From thee they spring, and, by thy hand
 They were and still shall be sustain'd.

2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
 Be our domestic altars rais'd;
 Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwell
 With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
 Morning and night, present its vows;
 Our servants there, and rising race,
 Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
 The honors of thy glorious name;
 While pleas'd and thankful, we remove
 To join the family above.

HYMN CCXIII. L. M.

The Christian's noblest resolution. Jos. xxiv. 15.

1 O wretched souls, who strive in vain,
 Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
 A nobler toil may I sustain,
 A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve with all my heart,
 With all my pow'rs to serve the Lord,
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O be his service all my joy,
 Around let my example shine,
 Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labors so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determin'd choice,
 To yield to his supreme control,
 And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint nor tire,
 Nor wand'ring leave his sacred ways ;
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

HYMN CCXIV. Eights.

Prayer for assurance.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
 Bear witness that I'm born again ;
 Come, and baptize me, Lord, with fire,
 Nor let a doubt or cloud remain ;
 Give me the sense of sin forgiv'n,
 Sweet fore-taste of approaching heav'n.

2 O give th' indisputable seal,
 That ascertains the kingdom mine :
 True holiness I long to feel,
 The signature of love divine :
 O shed it in my heart abroad,
 Fulness of love, of heav'n, of God !

HYMN CCXV. L. M.

Sufficiency of divine grace. 2 Cor. xii. 9.

1 OPPRESS'D with unbelief and sin,
 Fightings without, and fears within ;
 While earth and hell, with force combin'd,
 Disturb'd and terrify'd my mind :

2 Thus forely prest, I fought the Lord,
To give me some sweet cheering word ;
Again I fought, and yet again,
I waited long, but not in vain.

3 Oh ! 'twas a cheering word indeed !
Exactly suited to my need ;
" Sufficient for thee is my grace,
Thy weakness my great pow'r displays."

4 Now I despond and mourn no more,
I welcome all I fear'd before ;
Though weak, I'm strong ; tho' troubled, blest ;
For Christ's own pow'r shall on me rest.

H Y M N. CCXVI. C. M.

Contentment. Philip. iv. 11.

1 FIERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea ;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.

2 In vain by reason and by rule,
We try to bend the will ;
For none but in the Saviour's school,
Can learn the heav'nly skill.

3 Since at his feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.

4 'Tis he appoints my daily lot,
And will do all things well ;
Soon shall I leave this wretched spot,
And rise with him to dwell.

5 In life his grace shall strength supply,
Proportion'd to my day ;

In death I still shall find him nigh,
To bear my soul away.

6 Thus I, who once my wretched days
In vain repinings spent;
Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
Have learn'd to be content.

H Y M N C C X V I I . L. M.

Contentment and patience from the example of Christ.
Heb. xij. 2.

1 BY various maxims, forms, and rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I strove my passion to restrain;
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

2 But since the Saviour I have known,
My rules are all reduc'd to one;
I keep my Lord by faith in view,
Which strength supplies and motives too.

3 I see him lead a suff'ring life,
Patient amidst reproach and strife;
And from this pattern courage take
To bear and suffer for his sake.

4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And by the sight from guilt am freed;
'This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens heav'nly life within.

5 To look to Jesus as he rose,
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes;
Satan I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

6 Exalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own;
Then all my anxious cares subside,
For Jesus lives, and will provide.

HYMN C C X V I I I . C . M .

Benefit of afflictions. Heb. xii. 5—11.

- 1 BREAK thro' the clouds, dear Lord, and shine,
Let us perceive thee nigh!
And to each mourning child of thine,
These gracious words apply.
- 2 " Let not my children flight the stroke,
I for chastisement send;
Nor faint beneath my kind rebuke,
For I am still their friend.
- 3 " The wicked I perhaps may leave
Awhile and not reprove;
But all the children I receive,
I scourge because I love.
- 4 " I see your hearts at present fill'd
With grief and deep distress;
But soon these bitter seeds shall yield
The fruits of righteousness."

HYMN C C X I X . L . M .

Perseverance rewarded. Rev. iii. 7—13.

- 1 'THUS saith the holy One, and true,
To his beloved faithful few;
" Of heav'n and hell I hold the keys,
To shut, or open, as I please.
- 2 " I know thy works, and I approve,
Though small thy strength, sincere thy love;
Go on, my word and name to own,
For none shall rob thee of thy crown.
- 3 " Before thee see my mercy's door
Stands open wide to shut no more;
Fear not temptation's fiery day,
For I will be thy strength and stay.

4 "Thou hast my promise, hold it fast,
The trying hour will soon be past;
Rejoice, for lo! I quickly come,
To take thee to my heav'nly home.

5 "A pillar there no more to move,
Inscrib'd with all my names of love;
A monument of mighty grace,
'Thou shalt forever have a place."

6 Such is the conqueror's reward,
Prepar'd and promis'd by the Lord!
Let him that hath the ear of faith,
Attend to what the Spirit saith.

HYMN CCXX. S. M.

Persevering grace. Jude, ver. 24, 25.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN CCXXI. L. M.

The old and new Creation.

- 1 THAT was a wonder-working word,
Which could the vast creation raise !
Angels attendant on their Lord ;
Admir'd the plan, and sung his praise.
- 2 From what a dark and shapeless mass,
All nature sprang at his command !
“ Let there be light, and light there was,”
And sun, and stars, and sea, and land.
- 3 Thus the new forming of the soul,
Does all the pow'r of God display,
As when he form'd the mighty whole,
And kindled darkness into day.
- 4 Though self-destroy'd, O Lord, we are,
Yet let us feel what thou canst do ;
Thy word the ruin can repair,
And all our hearts create anew.

HYMN CCXXII. L. M.

The happy change.

- 1 IN sin by blinded passions led,
In search of fancy's good we range ;
The paths of disappointment tread,
To nothing fix'd, but love of change.
- 2 But when the Holy Ghost imparts
A knowledge of the Saviour's love ;
Our wand'ring, weary, restless hearts,
Are then renew'd no more to rove.
- 3 Now a new principle takes place,
Which guides and animates the will,
This love, another name for grace,
Constrains to good, and bars from ill.

4 By love's pure light we soon perceive
Our noblest bliss and proper end ;
And gladly ev'ry idol leave,
To love and serve our Lord and friend.

HYMN CCXXIII. C. M.

The Lord's call to his elect. 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.

1 LET us adore the grace that seeks
To draw our hearts above !
Attend, 'tis God the Saviour speaks,
And every word is love.

2 So holy, just and pure his throne,
Each angel veils his face,
A people still he calls his own,
Amongst our sinful race.

3 Careless, awhile, they live in sin,
Enslav'd to Satan's pow'r ;
But they obey the call divine,
In his appointed hour.

4 " Come forth, he says, no more pursue,
The path that leads to death ;
Look up, a bleeding Saviour view,
Look, and be sav'd by faith.

5 " My sons and daughters you shall be,
Through the atoning blood ;
And you shall claim, and find in me,
A Father and a God."

6 Lord, speak these words to ev'ry heart,
By thine all-pow'ful voice ;
That we may now from sin depart,
And make thy love our choice.

7 If now we learn to seek thy face,
 By Christ the living way ;
 We'll praise thee for this hour of grace,
 Through an eternal day.

HYMN CCXXIV. C. M.

Waiting at wisdom's gate. Prov. viii. 34, 35.

1 MY heart has been too long ensnar'd,
 In folly's hurtful ways ;
 Oh, may I be at length prepar'd,
 To hear what wisdom says !

2 'Tis Jesus from the mercy-seat,
 Invites me to his rest ;
 He calls poor sinners to his feet,
 To make them truly blest.

3 Approach, my soul, to wisdom's gates,
 Approach without delay :
 No one who watches there and waits,
 Shall e'er be turn'd away.

4 He will not let me seek in vain,
 For all who trust his word
 Shall everlasting life obtain,
 And favor from the Lord.

5 Now I would break my league with death,
 And live to thee alone ;
 Oh let thy Spirit's seal of faith,
 Secure me for thine own.

HYMN CCXXV. L. M.

The majesty and perfections of GOD.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
 His robes are light and majesty ;
 His glory shines with beams so bright,
 No mortal can sustain the sight,

2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law,
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Thro' all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
Then let my songs with angels join ;
Heav'n is secur'd if God be mine.

HYMN CCXXVI. C. M.

Faith in Christ for pardon and sanctification.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is !
Our sin how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word,
Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief :
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
Oh, help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly :
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King !
My reigning sins subdue :

Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.

6 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall ;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

HYMN CCXXVII. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and (O amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And broke our iron chains ;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

[5 In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries ;
We, that were doom'd his endless slaves,
Are rais'd above the skies.]

[6 Oh for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praises speak.]

7 Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame ;
Hosanna round the spacious earth,
To thine adored name !

8 Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all our harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN CCXXVIII. C. M.

The resurrection and ascension of Christ.

1 HOSANNAS to the Prince of light,
That cloth'd himself in clay ;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away !

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Emmanuel rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And feathers blessings down ;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

[5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To praise his blest name,
Swear in the accents of your faith
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels strike your loudest strings,
 Your sweetest voices raise ;
 Let heav'n and all created things
 Sound our Emmanuel's praise.]

 HYMN CCXXIX. L. M.

Remembering all the way the Lord has led him.
 Deut. viii. 2.

1 THUS far my God has led me on,
 And made his truth and mercy known,
 My hopes and fears alternate rise,
 And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Thro' this wide wilderness I roam,
 Far distant from my blissful home ;
 Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
 And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations ev'ry where annoy,
 And sins and snares my peace destroy ;
 My earthly joys are from me torn,
 And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul with various tempests toss'd,
 Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
 Sees ev'ry day new straits attend,
 And wonders where the scene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
 Which leads us to the mount of God ?
 Are these the toils thy people know,
 While in the wilderness below ?

6 'Tis even so, thy faithful love
 Doth all thy children's graces prove :
 'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
 That Jesus may be all in all.

HYMN CCXXX. L. M.

The justice and goodness of God.

- 1 GREAT God, my maker, and my King,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing;
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just:
- 2 Thy ancient thoughts and firm decrees,
Thy threat'nings and thy promises,
The joys of Heav'n, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel.
- 3 Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
Thy threat'ning rod and smiling face,
Thy wounding and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world restor'd:
- 4 While these excite my fear and joy;
While these my tuneful lips employ;
Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

HYMN CCXXXI. Eights and Sevens.

Christ the best of Friends.

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love!
- 2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour dy'd to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God:
It was boundless love to bleed.
Jesus is a friend indeed.

- 3 When he liv'd on earth abas'd,
 Friend of sinners was his name ;
 Now, above all glory rais'd,
 He rejoices in the same :
 Still he calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.
- 4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
 We, alas! forget too often,
 What a friend we have above :
 When to heav'n our souls are brought,
 We will love thee as we ought.

 HYMN CCXXXII. L. M.

Invitation to free salvation. Isaiah lv. i.

- 1 HO! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
 ('Tis God invites the fallen race)
 Mercy and free salvation buy ;
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come,
 Sinners, obey your Maker's voice ;
 Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
 And in redeeming love rejoice.
- 3 See, from the rock, a fountain rise!
 For you in healing streams it rolls :
 Money ye need not bring, nor price,
 Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, thirsting souls.
- 4 Ye nothing in exchange can give ;
 Leave all you have, and are behind :
 Frankly the gift of God receive ;
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

HYMN CCXXXIII. L. M.

Man by nature Grace and Glory.

- 1 LORD, what is man? Extremes how wide
In his mysterious nature join!
The flesh, to worms and dust ally'd,
The soul immortal and divine!
- 2 Divine at first, a holy flame
Kindled by the Almighty's breath;
Till stain'd by sin, it soon became
The seat of darkenss, strife, and death.
- 3 But Jesus, Oh! amazing grace!
Assum'd our nature as his own,
Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,
Then took it with him to his throne.
- 4 Near to which throne, and high in song,
Men shall their hallelujahs raise;
While wond'ring angels join the throng,
And swell the chorus of his praise.

HYMN CCXXXIV. S. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name!
Let his high praise employ each tongue,
And ev'ry heart enflame!
- 2 He laid his glory by,
And bitter pains endur'd:
That sinners of the blackest die
From wrath might be secur'd.
- 3 Stretch'd on the cross he dy'd,
Our debt of sin to pay,
The blood and water from his side
Wash guilt and filth away

4 Pleading for us he stands
 Before the father's throne ;
 And answers all the Law's demands,
 With what himself hath done.

5 The Holy Ghost he sends,
 Our stubborn souls to move ;
 To make his enemies his friends,
 And conquer them by love.

6 Assur'd that Christ our King,
 Will put our foes to flight ;
 We, on the field of battle, sing,
 And triumph, while we fight.

HYMN CCXXXV. L. M.

— *The new Convert humbled.* —

1 THE new-born child of gospel-grace,
 Like some fair tree when summer's nigh,
 Beneath Emmanuel's shining face,
 Lifts up his blooming branch on high.

2 No fear he feels, he sees no foes,
 No conflict yet his faith employs,
 Nor has he learnt to whom he owes,
 'The strength and peace his soul enjoys.

3 But sin soon darts its cruel sting,
 And comforts sink from day to day :
 What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring,
 Proves but a brook that glides away.

4 When Gideon arm'd his num'rous host,
 The Lord soon made his numbers less ;
 And said, lest Israel vainly boast,
 " My arm procur'd me this success."

3 Thus will he bring our spirits down,
 And draw our ebbing comforts low,
 That sav'd by grace, but not our own,
 We may not claim the praise we owe.

HYMN CCXXXVI. C. M.

—*True and false comforts.*—

- 1 O GOD, whose favorable eye
 The sin-sick soul revives;
 Holy and heav'nly is the joy,
 Thy shining presence gives.
- 2 This hypocrites have ne'er believ'd,
 'They judge with graceless hearts;
 Swell'd with their pride, they are deceiv'd,
 By Satan's wily arts.
- 3 Unholy, selfish joys are theirs,
 And while they boast their light,
 And seem to soar above the stars,
 They're plunging into night.
- 4 Lull'd in a soft and formal sleep,
 They sin and yet rejoice,
 Were they indeed the Saviour's sheep,
 They sure would hear his voice?
- 5 Be mine the comforts that reclaim
 The soul from Satan's pow'r;
 That make me blush for what I am,
 And hate my sin the more.
- 6 'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
 At thy dear feet to lie;
 That will not let me lower fall,
 And rise ev'n higher by.

HYMN CCXXXVII. C. M.

True and false zeal.

- 1 ZEAL is that pure and heav'nly flame,
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.
- 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.
- 3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.
- 4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
Its end is satisfy'd;
If sinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor seeks it ought beside.
- 5 But self however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view;
And says, as boasting Jehu cry'd,
"Come see what I can do."
- 6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the best applause will gain,
When Jesus shall appear.
- 7 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love.

HYMN CCXXXVIII. L. M.

A living and a dead faith.

1 THE Lord receives his highest praise,
From stumblers' minds and hearts sincere;
While all the loud professor says,
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

2 To walk as children of the day,
To mark his precepts holy light,
To wage the warfare watch and pray,
Shew who are pleasing in his sight.

3 Not words alone it cost the Lord,
To purchase pardon for his own:
Nor will a soul by grace restor'd,
Rest in his arms and words alone.

4 Easy indeed it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If wat'ry floods and fluent speech
Might serve, instead of faith and love.

5 But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see;
Who talks of rich and foreign grace,
Unless from him he is made free.

HYMN CCXXXIX. S. M.

Are there few that shall be saved? Luke xiii. 23.

1 DESTRUCTION'S dangerous road
With multitudes pursue!
While that which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.

2 Believers find the way
Thro' Christ the living gate;
But those who hate this holy way
Complain it is too strait.

3 If self must be deny'd,
And sin no more carefs'd,
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it best.

4 Encompas'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
They say so many can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end.

5 But hear the Saviour's word,
"Strive for the heavn'ly gate,
Many will call upon the Lord,
And find their crys too late."

6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Christ is always small,
And none are safe but they.

7 Lord, open sinners' eyes,
'Their awful state to see;
And make them, ere the storm arise,
To thee for safety flee.

H Y M N C C X L. L. M.

The power of the Gospel proves its divinity.

1 LET anxious doubts be hear'd no more,
But Christ and joy be all our theme,
The Spirit seals his gospel sure
To ev'ry soul that trusts his name.

2 Jesus, thy witness speaks within,
The mercy, which thy words reveal,
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps its own celestial seal.

3 'Tis God's renewing, gracious hand
That moulds and forms the heart anew;

Transgressors can no more withstand,
But bow and own his doctrine true.

4 The guilty wretch, that trusts thy blood,
Finds peace and pardon at the cross;
The soul, that was averse to God,
Believes and loves his maker's laws.

5 Let proud opposers cease their strife,
And own, O Lord, the work is thine;
The voice that calls the dead to life
Must be almighty and divine.

HYMN CCXLI. C. M.

The hidden life of a Christian.

1 O Happy soul that lives on high,
While men lie growling here!
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine,
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees:
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heav'nly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world of time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his figure here,
Content and pleas'd to live alone
Till Christ his life appear.

6 He looks to heav'n's eternal hills,
 To meet that glorious day:
 Dear Lord, how slow thy chariot-wheels,
 How long is thy delay!

HYMN CCXLII. S. M.

Forms vain without religion.

1 ALMIGHTY maker God!
 How wond'rous is thy name!
 Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
 Thro' the creation's frame.

2 Nature in every drefs
 Her humble homage pays,
 And finds a thousand ways t' express
 Thine undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
 To her Creator too,
 Fain would my tongue adore my king,
 And pay the worship due.

4 Create my soul anew,
 Else all my worship's vain;
 This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
 Until tis form'd again.

5 Let joy and worship spend
 The remnant of my days;
 And to my God, my soul, ascend
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

HYMN CCXLIII. S. M.

He beheld the city and wept over it. Luke xix. 41.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

- 2 The son of God in tears,
 Angels with wonder see !
 Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
 He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept, that we might weep,
 Each sin demands a tear ;
 In heav'n alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.
- 4 Joy beams in ev'ry eye,
 And fills each holy heart ;
 All join to sound the triumph high
 In praise to bear their part.

HYMN CCXLIV. L. M.

Ezekiel's *Vision of the dry bones*. Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

- 1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye ;
 See Adam's race in ruin lie ;
 Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
 And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mould'ring corpses live ?
 And can these perish'd bones revive ?
 That, mighty God, to thee is known ;
 That wond'rous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are seet in vain
 To prophesy upon the slain ;
 In vain they call, in vain they cry,
 Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy spirit deign to breath,
 Life spreads thro' all the realms of death ;
 Dry bones obey thy pow'ful voice ;
 They move, they waken, they rejoice.

5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
 Shall shake the Heav'ns, and rend the ground,
 Dead faints shall from their tombs arise,
 And spring to life beyond the skies

HYMN CCXLV. L. M.

Thy kingdom come. Math. vi. 10.

1 ASCEND thy throne, almighty king,
 And spread thy glories all abroad ;
 Let thine own arm salvation bring,
 And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy feat,
 Let humble mourners seek thy face,
 Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
 Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.

3 O let the kingdoms of the world
 Become the kingdoms of the Lord ;
 Let faints and angels praise thy name,
 Be thou thro heav'n and earth ador'd.

HYMN CCXLVI. L. M.

Acceptance through Christ alone. John xiv. 6.

1 HOW shall the sons of men appear,
 Great God, before thine awful bar ?
 How may the guilty hope to find
 Acceptance with th' eternal mind ?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
 Not the most costly sacrifice,
 Not infant blood profusely spilt,
 Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 The blood of Jesus Christ alone,
 Hath sov'reign virtue to atone ;

Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

4 'Tis through his merit we'll arise,
And learn to sing above the skies;
We'll join the triumph round the throne,
And praise th' eternal Three in One.

HYMN CCXLVII. L. M. In three parts.

The Prodigal Son.

PART I.

The sinner departing from God.

1 SEE the rash youth, defil'd with sin,
Hear how he claims with haughty voice,
To have his portion, and begin
In vice and madness to rejoice.

2 His father gave with bounteous hands,
Richly were all his wants supply'd;
Thankless he took; in foreign lands
Wasted in pleasure, pomp and pride.

3 In lust and wine he spent the whole,
Forgot his Father and his home;
Nor thought nor felt he had a soul
Expos'd to meet the wrath to come.

4 The giddy crowd that round him throng,
In every sinful folly join;
Approve the mirth and chant the song
That casts contempt on things divine.

5 Thus lur'd by charms of flattering vice,
The rebel sees his substance fled;
His friends forsake, his wants arise,
For sin has struck his comforts dead.

PART II.

The sinner under conviction.

6 With dying want the sinner cries,
Nor thinks rebellion makes his pain;
To strangers, far from home, applies,
Nor seeks his Father's grace to gain.

7 See the poor wretch with hunger prest,
Sunk low with swine to have a share;
Alas! how far from peaceful rest,
Tortur'd by conscience, guilt and fear.

8 'Tis thus the God of sov'reign grace
Begins to bring a rebel home;
The spirit shews his wretched case,
And points a judgment still to come.

9 Now self-condemn'd to works he flies
And thinks to cleanse a guilty mind,
Still far from penitence, which cries
To God for help, and feels resign'd.

10 Blinded by sin, to duty lost,
He grasps the husks and hates the bread;
Till all his expectations cross,
His hopes from self and means are fled.

PART III.

The Sinner brought to true repentance.

11 Now see the Rebel raise his eyes,
From dreaming folly just awake;
His soul relents with strange surprize,
And all his heart begins to break.

12 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
This death I feel in sinful lands,
While servants of my Father share
The liberal bounty of his hands.

- 13 With deep repentance on my tongue,
I'll go and seek my Father's face,
Unworthy to be call'd a son,
I'll only ask a servant's place.
- 14 I'll tell him how I've griev'd his love,
And basely fled his holy sight,
How I've provok'd all heav'n above,
Nor thought or done a thing that's right.
- 15 Far off his Father saw him come,
And o'er him all his bowels yearn'd ;
He rose to bless and greet his son,
And crown with grace his safe return.
- 16 The Rebel's heart with sorrow fill'd,
Bled for the crimes, which he had done :
Through all the Courts the triumph smil'd,
And sang the Father's grace alone.

HYMN CCXLVIII. C. M.

Vanity of the world. Psalm iv. 6.

- 1 IN vain the giddy world inquires,
Forgetful of their God,
“ Who will supply our vast desires,
“ Or shew us any good ?”
- 2 Thro' the wide circuit of the earth
Their eager wishes rove,
In chace of honor, wealth, and mirth,
The phantoms of their love.
- 3 But oft these shadowy joys elude
Their most intense pursuit ;
Or if they seize the fancied good,
There's poison in the fruit.
- 4 Lord, from this world call off my love,
Set my affections right :

Bid me aspire to joys above,
And walk no more by sight.

5 O let the glories of thy face
Upon my bosom shine :
Assur'd of thy forgiving grace,
My joys will be divine.

H Y M N C C X L I X. C. M.

*The whole world no compensation for the loss of
one soul. Mark viii. 36.*

1 LORD, shall we part with gold for dross,
With solid good for show ?
Out live our bliss, and mourn our loss
In everlasting woe ?

2 Let us not lose the living God,
For one short dream of joy :
With fond embrace cling to a clod,
And fling all heav'n away.

3 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear,
We all thy charms defy ;
And rate our precious souls too dear
For all thy wealth to buy.

H Y M N C C L. L. M.

The farewell.

1 DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares ;
To sensual bliss that charms us so,
Be dark mine eyes, and deaf my ears.

2 Lord, I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize ;
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

3 All earthly joys are over weigh'd
 With mountains of vexatious care :
 And where's the sweet that is not laid
 A bait to some destructive snare ?

4 Come, heav'n, and fill my vast desires,
 My soul pursues the sov'reign good :
 She was all made of heav'nly fires,
 Nor can she live on meaner food.

H Y M N C C L I . C . M .

The future increase of the Church promised. Pf. ii. 8.

1 FATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
 To thine exalted Son,
 That through the nations of the earth
 Thy word of life shall run ?

2 " Aik, and I give the heathen lands
 " For thine inheritance,
 " And to the world's remotest ends
 " Thine empire shall advance."

3 Hast thou not said the blinded Jews
 Shall their Redeemer own ;
 While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
 And bow before his throne ?

4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
 Under th' expanse of heav'n,
 To the dominion of thy Son,
 Without exemption giv'n ?

5 From east to west, from north to south,
 Then be his name ador'd !
 Let earth, with all its millions, shout
 Hosannas to the Lord !

HYMN CCLII. L. M.

Prayer for the Millenium.

1 HOW many years has man been driv'n
Far off from happiness and heav'n ?
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore
Thy wand'ring church, to roam no more ?

2 Six thousand years are nearly past
Since Adam from thy sight was cast :
And ever since his fallen race,
From age to age are void of grace.

3 When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd lamb ?
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep th' eternal jubilee !

4 Hasten it, Lord, in every land,
Send thou thine angels and command ;
“ Go sound deliv'rance loudly blow,
“ Salvation to the saints below ?

5 We want to have the day appear !
The promis'd great sabbatic year,
When, far from grief, and sin and hell,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

6 'Till then, we will not let thee rest,
'Thou still shalt hear our strong request ;
And this our daily pray'r shall be,
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

HYMN CCLIII. Eights.

Christians praying for Jews.

1 FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed ;
Justly they claim the softest prayer
From us, adopted in their stead :
Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.

2 Outcasts from thee, and scatter'd wide
 Through ev'ry nation under Heav'n,
 Blaspheming whom they crucify'd,
 Unfav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n :
 Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
 Abhor'd of men, and curs'd of God.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
 Forever cast thy own away ?
 Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
 On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray ?
 Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past :
 " All Israel shall be sav'd at last."

4 Come then, thou great Deliverer, come ;
 The veil from Jacob's heart remove,
 Receive thy ancient people home,
 That quicken'd by thy dying love,
 The world may their reception view,
 And shout to God, the glory due.

H Y M N CCLIV. L. M.

A prayer for the opposers of experimental religion.

1 BLEST Lord, behold the guilty scorn
 Of those who hate and mock our praise,
 Pity their state and make them turn,
 No more to walk in sinful ways.

2 Anxious we see their wretched state,
 Who never think of heav'n or hell ;
 They laugh and sport and court the gate
 Which opes where endless terrors dwell.

3 If pray'r and faith did e'er prevail,
 Now help us, Lord, to raise our hands ;
 Prepare our hearts thy grace to hail,
 'Then break their soul-destroying bands.

- 4 Lead them to view a sinful heart,
A soul all enmity to thee,
Destroy'd, defil'd in every part,
Too proud to bow, to blind to see.
- 5 Lead them to view a holy law,
Which justly dooms to endless death,
To feel that guilt which Jesus saw,
And pray'd forgive, with dying breath.
- 6 Open their eyes, unstop their ears,
To hear condemning justice found ;
Lord change their hearts, and then their tears
Will witness grief to all around.
- 7 Once we were blind, like them we strove,
Till sov'reign mercy chang'd our ways :
Lord bow their wills, and make them love,
Then they will join our songs of praise.

 HYMN CCLV. L. M.

A Prayer for success to Missions.

- 1 GREAT God of glory, show thy face,
And crown our efforts with thy grace ;
In heathen lands thy gospel bless,
And here secure its large increase.
- 2 Let Jews and Gentiles, bond and free,
Embrace salvation, Lord, by thee ;
While those who now in darkness dwell,
Deliv'rance sing from guilt and hell.
- 3 Millions there are on heathen ground,
Who never heard the gospel's sound ;
O send it forth, and let it run,
Swift and reviving as the sun.
- 4 O look on those who stand to tell
Sinners the way that leads from hell :

Guide thou their lips, their hearts unite ;
Teach them to act as in thy sight.

5 To those who give do thou impart
A gen'rous, wise, and tender heart ;
Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care,
That in thy grace they all may share.

6 Let many stand around thy throne,
From diff'rent climes, let many own
The banner of the cross unfurl'd
Has fav'd from hell a ruin'd world.

HYMN CCLVI. Eights and Sevens.

Declension lamented.

- 1 ONCE, O Lord, thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green :
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen !
- 2 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
- 3 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love and truth ?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth !
- 4 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below,
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 5 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in their bud !

6 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again;
 Oh, permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain!

HYMN CCLVII. L. M.

Hoping for a Revival.

1 WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
 To see the work of God decline,
 Methought I heard the Saviour say,
 "Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.
 2 " Though for a time I hide my face,
 Rely upon my love and pow'r:
 Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
 And wait for a reviving hour.
 3 " Take down thy long neglected harp,
 I've seen thy tears, and heard thy pray'r;
 The winter season has been sharp,
 But spring shall all its wastes repair."
 4 Lord, I obey, my hopes revive,
 Come join with me, ye saints, and sing;
 Our foes in vain against us strive,
 For God will help and triumph bring.

HYMN CCLVIII. C. M.

A Hymn for Christian Conference.

1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
 For here we trust thou art!
 Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
 To warm each waiting heart.
 2 Shew us some token of thy love,
 Our fainting hope to raise;
 And pour thy blessing from above,
 That we may render praise.

- 3 Within these walls let holy praise,
And love and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow !
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs ;
And in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Induce dead sinners all round,
To come and fill the place.

 HYMN CCLIX. L. M.

A welcome to Christian friends.

- 1 BRETHREN, belov'd for Jesu's sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which he alone can give !
- 2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love !
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When thus we meet to pray and praise,
We only wish to speak of him,
And tell the wonders of his grace.
- 4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
His suff'ring and his dying love,

The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And how he triumphs now above.

5 Thus as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
'Then hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

HYMN CCLX. C. M.

The benefit of Gospel privileges:

1 HOW happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell !
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

2 Wand'ring in sin, our souls he found,
And bid us seek his face ;
Gave us to hear the gospel sound,
And taste the gospel grace.

3 His presence sweetens all their cares,
And makes their burdens light ;
A word from him dispels their fears,
And breaks the gloom of night.

4 Lord we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine ;
But give us still, to find thee near,
And own us, still, for thine.

5 Let us enjoy and highly prize
These tokens of thy love :
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
'To worship thee above.

HYMN CCLXI. L. M.

Rising to God.

1 NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time :
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth ?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heav'n's eternal joys ?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road !
When we are walking back to God ?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large :
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above ;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

HYMN CCLXII. C. M.

Youth and Judgment.

1 LO! the young tribes of Adam rise,
And through all nature rove,
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

2 They give a loose to wild desires :
But let the sinners know
The strict accounts that God requires
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high,
 The frighted earth and seas
 Avoid the fury of his eyes,
 And flee before his face.

4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
 And stand the fiery test!
 I give all mortal joys away,
 To be forever blest.

 HYMN CCLXIII. C M.

*The encouragement young persons have to seek and
 love Christ. Prov. viii. 17.*

1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
 In smiling crouds draw near,
 And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you;
 And lays his radiant glories by,
 Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
 "Is sure my love to gain;
 "And those that early seek my grace,
 "shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
 If once compar'd with thee?
 What beauty should command my love,
 Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind!
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 And here true bliss I find.

HYMN CCLXIV. C. M.

Youth the most accepted time.

- 1 SEE how the little toiling ant
Improves the harvest hours :
While summer lasts, through all her cells
The choicest stores she pours.
- 2 While life remains, our harvest lasts ;
But youth of life's the prime ;
Best is this season for our work,
And this th' accepted time.
- 3 To-day attend, is wisdom's voice,
To-morrow, folly cries :
And still to-morrow 'tis, when, Oh !
To-day the sinner dies.
- 4 When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
And seize the tender hour ;
Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
And God will give the power.

HYMN CCLXV. L. M.

A lovely youth falling short of heaven. Mark x. 21.

- 1 MUST all the charms of nature then,
So hopeless to salvation prove ?
Can hell demand, can heav'n condemn
The man whom Jesus deigns to love ?
- 2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbors all their due ;
A modest, sober, lovely youth,
Who thought he wanted nothing new ?
- 3 But mark the change : thus spake the Lord,
"Come part with earth for heav'n to-day,"
The youth, astonish'd at the word,
In silent sadness went his way.

- 4 Poor virtues, that he boasted so,
 This test unable to endure,
 Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
 To make his land and money sure!
- 5 Ah foolish choice of treasures here!
 Ah fatal love of tempting gold!
 Must this base world be bought so dear?
 And life and heav'n so cheaply sold!
- 6 In vain the charms of nature shine,
 If this vile passion governs me;
 Transform my soul, O love divine!
 And make me part with all for thee.

 HYMN CCLXVI. S. M.

Prayer of Youth for Divine cleansing.

- 1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
 My God, to thee I pray;
 O make me learn whilst I am young,
 How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Make an unguarded youth
 The object of thy care;
 Help me to choose the way of truth,
 And fly from every snare.
- 3 My heart, to folly prone,
 Renew by power divine;
 Unite it to thyself alone,
 And make me wholly thine.
- 4 O let thy word of grace
 My warmest thoughts employ;
 Be this through all my following days,
 My treasure and my joy.
- 5 To what thy laws impart
 Be my whole soul inclin'd;

- O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.
- 6 May thy young servant learn,
By these to cleanse his way ;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

HYMN CCLXVII. C. M.

Old Age approaching, or, man frail and mortal.

- 1 ETERNAL God! enthron'd on high!
Whom angel-hosts adore ;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,
Thy presence I implore.
- 2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool ;
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.
- 3 My flying years time urges on,
What's human must decay ;
My friends, my young companions gone,
Can I expect to stay ?
- 4 Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart ?
Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart ?
- 5 Ah ! no—then smooth the mortal hour,
On thee my hope depends ;
Support me with almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.
- 6 Then shall my soul, O gracious God !
(While angels join the lay)
Admitted to the bless'd abode,
Its endless anthems pay.

7 Through heav'n, howe'er remote the bound,
 Thy matchless love proclaim,
 And join the choir of saints that sound
 Their great Redeemer's name.

HYMN CCLXVIII. L. M.

The aged Christian rejoicing in a view of Heaven.

1 AS when the weary trav'ler gains
 The height of some o'er-looking hill,
 His heart revives, when cross the plains
 He eyes his home, tho' distant still.

2 While he surveys the much-lov'd spot,
 He flights the space that lies between;
 His past fatigues are now forgot,
 Because his journey's end is seen.

3 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.

4 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
 No more he grieves for troubles past;
 Nor any future trial fears,
 So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
 With Jesus, in the realms of day;
 Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
 And he will wipe my tears away.

6 Jesus, on thee my hope depends,
 To lead me on to thine abode:
 Assur'd that heav'n will make amends
 For all my toil while on the road.

HYMN CCLXIX. L. M.

Desiring Heaven.

- 1 NO more I ask or hope to find,
Delight or happiness below;
Sorrow may well possess the mind
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.
- 2 The joy that fades is not for me,
I seek immortal joys above;
There, glory without end shall be
The bright reward of faith and love.
- 3 Cleave to the world ye fordid worms,
Contented lick your native dust:
But God shall fight, with all his storms,
Against the idol of your trust.

HYMN CCLXX. Eights and Sevens.

Praise for redeeming Love.

- 1 LET us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name!
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame.
- 2 Let us love the Lord, who bought us
Pity'd us when enemies;
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes.
- 3 Let us sing, tho' fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down!
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conquerors crown.
- 4 Let us wonder, grace and justice
Join and point to mercy's store;
When we trust in Christ our fortress,
Justice smiles, and asks no more.

5 Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of the saints, enthron'd on high;
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky.

6 Hark! the name of Jesus, founded
Loud, from golden harps above!
Lord, we blush, and are confounded,
Faint our praises, cold our love!

HYMN CCLXXI. C. M.

Presumption and despair.

1 I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.

3 Now he persuades "how easy 'tis
"To walk the road of heav'n;"
And non he swells our sins, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiv'n."

4 He bids young sinners, "yet forbear
"To think of God or death;
"For prayer and true devotion are
"But melancholy breath."

5 He tells the aged, "they must die,
"And 'tis too late to pray:
"In vain for mercy now they cry,
"For they have lost their day."

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit,

And drags the sons of Adam down,
To darkness and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut short his pow'r,
Let him in darkness dwell;

And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN CCLXXII. S. M.

Complaint of sin.

1 O LORD, how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean!

How can I dare to venture nigh
With such a load of sin?

2 Is this polluted heart
A dwelling fit for thee?

Swarming, alas! in ev'ry part,
What evils do I see!

3 If I attempt to pray,
And raise my soul on high,
My thoughts are hurry'd fast away,
For sin is ever nigh.

4 If in thy word I look,
Such darkness fills my mind,
I only read a sealed book,
But no relief can find.

5 Thy gospel oft I hear,
But hear it still in vain;
Without desire, or love, or fear,
Harden'd I still remain.

6 And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die?
Fain would I hope that thou didst bless
For such a wretch as I.

7 That blood which thou hast spilt,
 That grace which is thine own ;
 Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
 And soften hearts of stone.

8 Low at thy feet I bow,
 O pity and forgive !
 Here will I lie and wait till thou
 Shalt bid me rise and live.

H Y M N CCLXXIII. S. M.

Light shining in darkness.

1 MY former hopes are dead,
 My terror now begins ;
 I feel alas ! that I am dead
 In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah whither shall I fly ?
 I hear the thunder roar ;
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
 I dread impending doom ;
 But sure a friendly whisper says,
 " Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
 A glimm'ring from afar ;
 A beam of day that shines for me,
 To save me from despair.

5 Fore-runner of the sun,
 It marks the pilgrim's way ;
 I'll gaze upon it while I run,
 And watch the rising day.

HYMN CCLXXIV. Tens.

The humble sinner trusting in Christ.

1 CHEER up, my soul, there is a mercy seat,
 Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus answers pray'r;
 There humbly cast thyself beneath his feet,
 For never needy sinner perish'd there.

2 Lord, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
 Without thy word I durst not venture nigh;
 But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to thee,
 A weary burden'd soul, O Lord, am I!

3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
 By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
 Beset without, and full of fears within,
 Trembling and faint I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place,
 I know no force can tear me from thy side;
 Unmov'd I then may all accusers face,
 And answer ev'ry charge, with "Jesus dy'd."

5 Yes! thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan
 and die!

Well hast thou known what fierce temptation
 means,

Such was thy love! and now enthron'd on high,
 The same compassion in thy bosom reigns.

6 Lord give me faith—he hears! what grace is
 this!

Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to grieve:
 He shows me what he did, and who he is,
 I must, I will, I can, I do believe.

HYMN CCLXXV. L. M.

Divine grace implored.

1 THE God who once to Israel spoke
From Sinai's top, in fire and smoke,
In gentler strains of gospel grace,
Invites us now to seek his face.

2 Hark ! how from Calvary it sounds ;
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds ;
" Pardon and grace I freely give,
Poor sinner, look to me and live."

3 What other arguments can move
The heart that flights a Saviour's love !
Yet till Almighty pow'r constrain,
This matchless love is preach'd in vain.

4 O Saviour, let that pow'r be felt,
And cause each stony heart to melt !
Deeply impress upon our youth
The light and force of gospel truth.

5 How will they else thy presence bear,
When as a Judge thou shalt appear ;
When slighted love to wrath shall turn
And the whole earth like Sinai burn !

HYMN CCLXXVI. Eights and Sixes.

The Lord's prayer imitated.

1 FATHER Supreme ! all nature's God,
Display thy majesty abroad,
And in full glory shine :
To thy great name be honors paid,
Throughout all worlds which thou hast made ;
Let each the chorus join.

2 Here place thy throne, and at thy feet
Make all thy stubborn foes submit,
And own thy sov'reign sway :

Thine influence far and wide extend,
Till haughty rebels lowly bend,
And cheerfully obey.

3 Oh let thy perfect will be done,
Not by those heav'nly hosts alone
Who're wing'd with love and zeal;
We too with love and zeal would rise,
To catch the ardor of the skies,
And fly to do thy will.

4 O Thou who art both wise and good,
We trust thee for our daily food,
And what thou feest is best;
Our foolish wishes, Lord, deny,
But kindly nature's wants supply;
To thee we leave the rest.

5 Teach us the needy to relieve;
Our foes to pity and forgive,
And conquer them with love:
As we to others mercy show,
Thy mercy, Lord, on us bestow,
And all our guilt remove.

6 Let thy good spirit guard our hearts,
Against the tempter's guileful arts,
And ev'ry dang'rous snare:
Or if we once should go astray,
Teach us again to find the way,
And walk with better care.

7 Thy name with rev'rence we adore,
For thine's the glory, thine the pow'r,
And thine the right to reign:
In thy dominion we rejoice;
To thy commands our heart and voice
Unite, and say—Amen.

HYMN CCLXXVII. L. M.

The Lord his people's shepherd. Psalm xxiii.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.

2 My noon day steps he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend;
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant.

3 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers soft and flow,
Amid the verdant landskips flow.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still.

5 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade,
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray.

6 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN CCLXXVIII. L. M.

On being admitted a member of a church.

1 GREAT source of Being, heav'nly King!
Whose eye my inmost thought surveys,
To thee, with grateful joy, I bring
My tribute of unequal praise.

2 United to thy chosen flock,
 Within thy courts my soul would dwell,
 And in thy strength sustain the shock,
 Of all the pow'rs in earth or hell.

3 O send thy spirit from on high,
 And let our Church thy blessing prove !
 So shall our praises reach the sky,
 And ev'ry bosom glow with love.

4 O may our Pastor draw from thee
 Daily supplies of heav'nly grace !
 And may we in thy temple see
 Thy glorious presence fill the place !

5 Then shall our hearts, our lives, our tongues,
 Be consecrated to our God ;
 Our morning pray'rs our ev'ning songs,
 Shall spread thy wond'rous love abroad.

H Y M N CCLXXIX. L. M.

The Convert.

1 FAR from thy fold, O God, my feet
 Once mov'd in error's devious maze,
 Nor found religious duties sweet,
 Nor sought thy face, nor lov'd thy ways.

2 With tend'rest voice thou bad'st me flee
 The paths which thou couldst ne'er approve ;
 And gently drew my soul to thee,
 With cords of sweet, eternal love.

3 Now to thy footstool, Lord, I fly,
 And low in self-abasement fall ;
 A vile, a helpless worm I lie,
 And thou, my God, art all in all.

4 Dearer, far dearer to my heart
 Than all the joys that earth can give ;

From fame, from wealth, from friends I'd part,
Beneath thy countenance to live.

5 And when, in smiling friendship dress,
Death bids me quit this mortal frame,
Gently reclin'd on Jesu's breast,
My latest breath shall bless his name.

6 Then my unfetter'd soul shall rise,
And soar above yon starry spheres,
Join the full chorus of the skies,
And sing thy praise through endless years.

HYMN CCLXXX. C. M.

Prayer for relief under a body of sin and death.

1 LORD what a croud of anxious cares,
Disturb this restless breast!

'The world's reproach and Satan's snares,
Leave not a moment's rest.

2 The glorious smiles which once I saw
O'er all thy face, are hid;

I feel the sentence of thy law,
And all my comfort's fled.

3 Hast thou not said, that where thou art,
There thine shall surely be?

O seal this promise on my heart,
And say 'twas made for me.

4 Then cares may vex, the world may frown,
They ne'er my peace shall move;

For what can weigh that spirit down,
That feels a Saviour's love?

5 O for a taste, by saving faith,
Of his forgiving grace;

When nature draws its parting breath,
And all its cares shall cease!

HYMN CCLXXXI. C. M.

Celestial prospects.

- 1 SWEET glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wond'ring eyes ;
The regions of immortal light,
'The beauties of the skies ?
- 2 All hail ! ye fair celestial shores !
Ye lands of endless day !
Swift on my view your prospect pours,
And drives my griefs away.
- 3 There's a delightful clearness now,
My clouds of doubt are gone,
Fled is my former darkness too,
My fears are all withdrawn.
- 4 Short is the passage—short the space
Between my home and me ;
There ! there behold the radiant place !
How near the mansions be !
- 5 Immortal wonders ! boundless things !
In those dear worlds appear :
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in these glories share.

HYMN CCLXXXII. C. M.

A covert from the heat.

- 1 WHEN on a summer's sultry day,
The Sun darts forth his rays ;
The trav'ler labors on his way,
Beneath the mid-day blaze :
- 2 When not a cooling breeze is felt,
No friendly roof is nigh,
The languid body seems to melt,
The fainting spirits die :

3 Should some tall rock at such an hour,
 A distant shade prepare,
 Hope would exert his feeble pow'r,
 To fly and rest him there.

4 Thus he who treads the heav'nly path,
 And feels upon him burn
 The kindlings of Almighty wrath,
 Must labor, droop and mourn.

5 Till Christ, the covert from the heat,
 His longing spirit sees,
 And draws him to a cool retreat,
 Affording rest and ease.

6 He like a rock of refuge rose,
 And sacred shade extends,
 Refreshment and secure repose,
 For all his weary friends.

H Y M N CCLXXXIII. Sevens.

Trust in God. Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

1 SHOULD the rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the rip'ning ear;
 Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
 Drop her green untimely fruit:

2 Should the vine put forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store;
 Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
 And the herds desert the stall:

3 Should God's alter'd hand restrain
 The early and the latter rain;
 Blast each opening bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy:

4 Yet to God my soul should raise
 Grateful vows, and solemn praise ;
 And, when ev'ry blessings flown,
 Love him—for himself alone.

HYMN CCLXXXIV. L. M.

The Christian armor. Ephes. vi. 13—17.

1 WITH holy zeal and Christian grace,
 I'll take the armor for the race,
 Whilst foes and fears beset me round,
 In Christ the Lord my strength is found.

2 Forever blessed be the Lord,
 His word he gives me for a sword, /
 And he commands to wield it well,
 Against the pow'rs of earth and hell.

3 His righteousness a breastplate yields,
 Whilst faith affords a glorious shield,
 His free salvation's sov'reign grace,
 Shall on my head the helmet place.

4 Thus arm'd and martial'd for the field,
 Against temptation doubly steel'd,
 The glorious combat I begin,
 Declaring war with flesh and sin.

5 My heav'nly Captain's watchful care,
 Shall keep me from the tempter's snare ;
 His spirit guide my wand'ring feet,
 Till I his face in glory meet.

HYMN CCLXXXV. C. M. In two parts.

Christ's birth, life, death, resurrection, ascension, and intercession.

PART I.

Christ's birth and life.

1 AWAKE, my soul, tune ev'ry string,
 In God thy Saviour's praise,
 Join with the heav'nly hosts and sing
 The highest notes they raise.

2 Tell how the glorious Son of God,
 Forsook the realms of bliss,
 Descended to our guilty world,
 Proclaiming life and peace.

3 Angelic hosts declare his birth,
 "Glory to God on high,
 "Good will to men and peace on earth!
 "Behold the Saviour nigh!

4 "To Beth'lem's city quick repair,"
 Th' etherial spirits cry,
 "And see the promis'd Saviour there,
 "Low in a manger lie.

5 "With humble faith and holy fear
 "Go visit Christ your king."
 Their heav'nly notes the shepherds hear,
 And join the praise they sing.

6 On Jordan's banks th' eternal God
 His birth divine declares;
 "This is my son!" Lo! on his head
 The heav'nly dove appears.

7 Holy his life, his doctrines true;
 (How bright the godhead shone!)
 Diseases heard and Satan knew,
 That what he spake was done.

PART II.

Christ's death, resurrection, ascension and intercession.

- 8 BEHOLD the Saviour on the tree,
With arms extended wide !
From death a sinful world to free,
He groan'd, and bled, and dy'd !
- 9 'The sun astonish'd veil'd its face,
When the Creator bled ;
His groans the earth and rocks displace,
And wake the sleeping dead.
- 10 But when th' appointed hour was come,
'The sleeping Saviour wakes ;
Behold ! he rises from the tomb,
And death a captive makes.
- 11 On the eternal God's right hand
The great Redeemer sits ;
Both heav'n and earth to his command
The Father now commits.
- 12 Our advocate himself he stiles,
The sinner's cause he pleads,
Through him the Father looks and smiles,
While thus he intercedes.
- 13 Whom once he loves he'll ne'er forget,
His counsels guide them still ;
His grace their weary souls will feat
On heav'n's eternal bill.
- 14 Reviving thought ! then humble soul,
With courage venture on !
Though earth and hell against thee roll,
In Christ the battle's won.

HYMN CCLXXXVI. C. M.

Prayer under temptations of Satan.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let all the tempter's malice come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
If I may safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all :
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
Nor feel a troubling tempter's call
Disturb my peaceful breast.

HYMN CCLXXXVII. L. M.

Prayer under temptation from the tumults of the world.

- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, a Saviour's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the storm ;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves, say, " peace, be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name,
Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 God of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

H Y M N CCLXXXVIII. C. M.

Perplexity relieved.

1 ANXIOUS, I strove to find the way
Which to salvation led;
I listen'd long, I try'd to pray,
And heard what many said.

2 When some of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong;
For I was stupid, dead, and cold,
Had neither joys nor song.

3 The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light;
Then for a moment I believ'd,
And thought that all was right.

4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguish and dismay;
Thro' what distresses they had walk'd,
Before they found the way.

5 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had liv'd at ease;
I wish'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like these.

6 I had my wish, the Lord disclos'd
The evils of my heart;
And left my naked soul expos'd
To Satan's fiery dart.

7 Alas! I cry'd in deep despair,
 Borne down with fearful pain!
 How can I these fierce terrors bear,
 And who will now sustain!

8 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
 And when he set me free,
 "Trust simply on my word," he said,
 "And leave the rest to me."

H Y M N CCLXXXIX. Sevens.

The sovereign call of Christ.

1 IN his own appointed hour,
 To my heart the Saviour spoke;
 Touch'd me by his spirit's pow'r,
 And my dang'rous slumber broke.

2 Then I saw and own'd my guilt,
 Soon my gracious Lord reply'd:
 "Fear not, I my blood have spilt,
 'Twas for such as thee I dy'd."

3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
 All at once possess'd my heart;
 Can I hope thy grace to prove,
 After acting such a part?

4 "Thou hast greatly sinn'd, he said,
 But I freely all forgive;
 I myself thy debt have paid,
 Now I bid thee rise and live."

H Y M N CCXC. C. M.

Old things are passed away.

1 LET carnal minds the world pursue,
 It has no charms for me;
 Once I admir'd its trifles too,
 But grace has set me free.

- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day,
The stars are all conceal'd ;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart ;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee ;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me ?
- 6 Yes, though of finners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will ;
For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,
I had refus'd thee still.

 HYMN C C X C I. L. M.

Hatred of sin.

- 1 MOST holy Lord ! I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment flight ;
Yet pierc'd by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.
- 2 But though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait ;
Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.
- 3 Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell ;

One sin, unslain within my breast,
Would make that heav'n as dark as hell.

4 But there no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the Christian's head;
One view of Jesus as he is,
Will strike all sin forever dead.

HYMN CCXCII. L. M.

Prayer for grace. Psa. cvi. 4. 5.

1 REMEMBER us, we pray thee, Lord,
With those who love thy gracious name;
And to our souls that good afford,
Thy promise has prepar'd for them.

2 To us thy great salvation show,
Give us a taste of love divine;
That we thy people's joy may know,
And in their holy triumph join.

HYMN CCXCIII. Sevens.

Coming to the throne of grace.

1 NOT to Sinai's dreadful blaze,
But to Zion's throne of grace,
By a way mark'd out with blood,
Sinners now approach to God.

2 Not to hear the fiery law,
But with humble joy to draw
Water by that well supply'd,
Jesus open'd when he dy'd.

3 Lord, there are no streams but thine,
Can assuage a thirst like mine;
'Tis a thirst thyself didst give,
Let me therefore drink and live.

HYMN CCXCIV. L. M.

A hymn for the beginning of worship.

- 1 'THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixt with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfy'd with living bread.
- 3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign pow'r and energy;
And may we in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy saving pow'r and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

HYMN CCXCV. L. M.

At dismissal.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word,
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN CCXCVI. Eights and Sevens.

The same.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O refresh us !
 Trav'ling through this wilderness,
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound,
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away ;
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
 May we ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day !

HYMN CCXCVII. C. M.

Seeking first the kingdom of God, &c. Matt. vi. 33.

- 1 NOW let a true ambition rise,
 And ardor fire our breast,
 To reign in worlds above the skies,
 In heav'nly glories dress.
- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
 A radiant crown display,
 Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
 While stars and sun decay.
- 3 Away, each grov'ling anxious care,
 Beneath a Christian's thought ;

1 Spring to seize immortal joys,
Which my Redeemer bought.

5 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,
While heav'n is kept in view.

HYMN CCXCVIII. L. M.

Parting with carnal joys,

1 I SEND the joys of earth away,
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulph of black despair:
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treach'rous seas
And bid me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll:
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN CCXCIX. L. M.

The vanity of creatures.

1 MAN has a soul of vast desires,
 He burns within with restless fires,
 Toss'd to and fro, his passions fly
 From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
 Some solid good to fill the mind ;
 We try new pleasures, but we feel
 The inward thirst and torment still,

3 So when a raging fever burns,
 We shift from side to side by turns,
 And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
 To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God ! subdue this vicious thirst,
 This love to vanity and dust ;
 Cure the vile fever of the mind,
 And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

HYMN CCC. L. M.

The sovereignty of grace. Luke x. 21. 22.

1 THERE was an hour when Christ rejoic'd,
 And spoke his joys in words of praise ;
 " Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
 " Lord of the earth, and heav'ns and seas.

2 I thank thy sov'reign pow'r and love,
 That crowns my doctrine with success ;
 And makes the babes in knowledge learn
 The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.

3 But all this glory lies conceal'd
 From men of prudence and of wit :
 The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
 And their own pride resists the light.

4. Father 'tis thus, be'cause they will
 Chose and ordain'd it should be so;
 'Tis thy delight t' abate the proud,
 And by the haughty scorner low.

5. There's none can know the Father right,
 But those who learn it from the Son:
 Nor can the Son be well receiv'd,
 But where the Father makes him known.

6. Then let our souls adore our God,
 That deals his graces as he please;
 Nor gives to mortals an account
 Or of his actions or decrees.

HYMN CCCI. L. M.

Prayer for grace.

1. O THOU, to whom all-searching light
 The darkness shines as the light,
 Search, prove my heart and let it be
 Free'd from these bonds, and join'd to thee.

2. Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
 Nail my affections to the cross!
 Follow each thought; let all within
 Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3. If in this darksome wild I stray,
 Be thou my light, be thou my way;
 No toes, no violence I fear,
 No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4. When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinking deep in waves of woe,
 Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 O let thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to thy holy hill!
 When toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and all is peace.

 HYMN CCCII. L. M.

The beatitudes. Matth. v. 2—12.

1 BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty;
 Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart:
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,
 A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
 From rage and passion, noise and war;
 God will secure their happy state,
 And plead their cause against the great.

4 Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
 Hunger and long for righteousness!
 They shall be well supply'd and fed
 With living streams and living bread.

5 Bless'd are the men whose bowels move,
 And melt with sympathy and love;
 From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
 Like sympathy and love again.

6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
 From the defiling powers of sin;
 With endless pleasure they shall see
 A God of spotless purity.

7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
 Who quench the coals of growing strife;

They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Bless'd are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesu's sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN CCCH. L. M. In three parts.

*Characters of Christ borrowed from inanimate things
in scripture.*

PART I.

1 GO worship at Emmanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed:
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.

4 Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves;
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.

5 Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrantcy in all her fields;
Or, if the lily he esteem,
The valleys ble's the rich perfume.

6. Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
 Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;
 O let a lasting union join
 My soul to Christ, the living vine!

PART II.

7. Is Christ the head? Each member lives,
 And owns the vital pow'rs he gives;
 The saints below, and saints above,
 Join'd by his Spirit and his love.

8. Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
 And heal the plague of sin and death;
 These waters all my soul renew,
 And cleanse my spotted garments too.

9. Is he a fire? He'll purge my dress;
 But the true gold sustains no loss:
 Like a refiner shall he sit,
 And tread the refuse with his feet.

10. Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
 The Rock of ages never moves;
 Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
 Attend us all the desert thro'.

11. Is he a way? He leads to God:
 The path is drawn in lines of blood:
 There would I walk with hope and zeal,
 Till I arrive at Zion's hill.

12. Is he a door? I'll enter in;
 Behold the pastures large and green;
 A paradise divinely fair,
 None but the sheep have freedom there.

PART III.

13. Is Christ design'd a corner stone,
 For men to build their heav'n upon?
 I'll make him my foundation too,
 Nor fear the plots of hell below.

- 14 Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r:
And still to his most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.
- 15 Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.
- 16 Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice, when he appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.
- 17 O let me climb these higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.
- 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

 HYMN CCCIV. L. M.

The names and titles of Christ, from several scriptures.

- 1 'TIS from the treasures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art, nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.
- 2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminis'd rays,
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.
- 3 The King of kings, the Lord most high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh:

He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb resents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's Lion tears the prey.

5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes!
Light of the world, and life of men;
Nor bears those characters in vain.

6 With tender pity in his heart
He acts the Mediator's part!
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the name he wears.

7 At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

HYMN. CCCV. L. M. In two parts.

The offices of Christ from several scriptures.

1 JOIN all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Emmanuel's glory forth.

2 But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see,
What forms of love he bare to me.

3 The "Angel of the cov'nant stands"
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make the great salvation known.

4 Great Prophet, let me blefs thy name ;
By thee the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath appeas'd, of fins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

5 My bright Example, and my Guide,
I would be walking near thy side ;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way !

6 I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wand'ring soul amongst his sheep :
He feeds his flocks, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.

7 My Surety undertakes my cause,
Anfw'ring his Father's broken laws ;
Behold my soul at freedom set,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

PART II.

8 Jesus, my great High Priest, has dy'd,
I seek no sacrifice beside ;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

9 My Advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by ;
Not all that earth or hell can say,
Shall turn my Father's heart away.

10 My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing ;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.

11 Aspire my soul to glorious deeds,
The Captain of salvation leads ;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
'Tho' death and hell, obstruct the way.

12 Should death and hell, and pow'rs unknown
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.

HYMN CCCVI. Sixes and Fours.

To the Trinity.

1 COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,

Help us to praise!

Father, all glorious,

O'er all victorious,

Come and reign over us,

Antient of days!

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,

Scatter our enemies,

And make them fall!

Let thine almighty aid

Our sure defence be made,

Our souls on thee be stay'd:

Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou incarnate word,

Gird on thy mighty sword,

Our pray'rs attend!

Come and thy people bless,

And give thy word success;

Spirit of holiness

On us descend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,

Thy sacred witness bear

In this glad hour!

Thou who Almighty art,

Now rule in ev'ry heart,

And ne'er from us depart,

Spirit of pow'r!

5 To the great one in three
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence evermore ;
 His Sov'reign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adorè.

 HYMN CCCVII. C. M.

New Year's Hymn.

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known ;
 Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone !

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
 And plead a Saviour's name ;
 For all that we can call our own,
 Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin
 May mercy set us free,
 And let the year we now begin,
 Begin and end with thee.

4 Send down thy spirit from above
 That saints may love thee more ;
 And sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never lov'd before.

5 And when before thee we appear,
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship thee,
 And praise thee in our room.

HYMN CCCVIII. L. M.

Another.

- 1 O LORD, by thy supporting hand,
We enter on another year;
And now we meet at thy command,
To seek thy gracious presence here.
- 2 Have mercy on our num'rous youth,
Who young in years are old in sin;
And by thy spirit and thy truth,
Shew them the state their souls are in.
- 3 Then, by a Saviour's dying love
To ev'ry wounded heart reveal'd,
Temptations, fears, and guilt remove,
And be their fun, and strength, and shield.
- 4 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,
And all thy faints in praises join.
- 5 O hear our pray'r and give us hope,
That when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up,
To love and praise thee in our room.

HYMN CCCIX. C. M.

Pleaſed to ſing and with youth.

- 1 SIN has rudene our wretched race,
But Jeſus has reſtor'd
All who believe and truſt his grace,
And ſeck and ſerve the Lord.
- 2 This defence from year to year,
And pray'r from our youth,
Lord, give them an attentive ear,
And ſave them by thy truth.

- 3 Come Lord, and bless the rising race!
 Make this an happy hour,
 According to thy richest grace,
 And thine almighty pow'r.
- 4 Dear youth, we know your sinful state;
 (May God your hearts renew!)
 We would a while ourselves forget;
 To pour out pray'r for you.
- 5 We see, though you perceive it not,
 Th' approaching, awful doom;
 O tremble at the solemn thought,
 And flee the wrath to come!
- 6 [Dear Saviour, let this new born year
 Spread an alarm abroad;
 And cry, in ev'ry careless ear,
 "Prepare to meet thy God!"]

HYMN CCCX. L. M.

Winter, or the divine presence withdrawn.

- 1 SEE, how rude winter's icy hand,
 Has stripp'd the trees, and seal'd the ground!
 But spring will soon his rage withstand,
 And spread new beauties all around.
- 2 My soul a sharper winter mourns;
 Barren and fruitless I remain:
 When will the gentle spring return,
 And bid the graces grow again?
- 3 Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise!
 'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
 Oh! hush these storms and clear my skies,
 And let me feel thy vital love!
- 4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
 I faint and droop till thou appear;
 Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
 Must it be winter all the year?

5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour,
 With humble pray'r and patient faith;
 Till he reveals his gracious pow'r,
 Repose on what his promise faith.

6 He, by whose all commanding word,
 Seasons their changing course maintain;
 In ev'ry change a pledge affords,
 That none shall seek his face in vain.

HYMN CCCXI. C. M.

Spring, or the return of the divine presence.

1 AT length the wish'd for spring is come;
 How alter'd is the scene!

The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
 The earth array'd in green.

2 I see my Saviour from on high,
 Break through the clouds and shine!

No creature now more blest than I,
 No song more loud than mine.

3 Thy word does all my hope revive,
 It overcomes my foes:

It makes my languid graces thrive,
 And blossom like the rose.

4 Dear Lord, a monument I stand,
 Of what thy grace can do,

Uphold me by thy gracious hand,
 Each changing season through.

HYMN CCCXII. C. M.

Summer, or all flesh like grass. Isaiah xl. 6—8.

1 THE grass and flow'rs, which clothe the field,
 And look so green and gay;

Touch'd by the scythe, defenceless yield,
 And fall, and fade away.

- 2 Fit emblem of our mortal state !
Thus in the scripture glafs,
The young, the strong, the wise, the great,
May see themselves but grafs.
- 3 Ah ! trust not to your fleeting breath,
Nor call your time your own ;
Around you see the scythe of death
Is mowing thousands down.
- 4 And you, who hitherto are spar'd,
Must shortly yield your lives ;
Your wisdom is to be prepar'd,
Before the stroke arrives.
- 5 The grafs, when dead, revives no more ;
You die to live again ;
Beware lest death should prove the door
To everlasting pain.
- 6 Lord, help us to obey thy call,
And all our sins remove,
That when like grafs our bodies fall,
Our souls may rise above.

 HYMN CCCXIII. L. M.

Autumn, or the Harvest is the end of the world.
Matthew xiii. 39.

- 1 SEE how brown autumn spreads the field ;
Mark how the whit'ning hills are turn'd ;
Behold them to the reapers yield,
The wheat is sav'd, the tares are burn'd.
- 2 Thus the great Judge with glory-crown'd,
Descends to reap the ripen'd earth ;
Angelic guards attend him down,
The same who sang his humble birth.
- 3 In sounds of glory, hear him speak ;
Go search around the flaming world,

Haste, call my faints, to rise and take
The seats from which their foes were hurl'd.

4 "Go burn the chaff in endless fire,
In flames unquench'd consume each tare;
Sinners must feel my holy ire,
And sink in guilt to deep despair."

5 Thus ends the harvest of the earth,
Angels obey the awful voice:
'They save the wheat, they burn the chaff,
All heav'n approves the sov'reign choice.

HYMN CCCXIV. L. M.

The seasons, or, the year crowned with divine goodness.

Pfalm lxxv. II.

1 ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
We hail that goodness ever near,
Which richly crowns the circling year.

2 While as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole:
'The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flow'ry spring at thy command
Embalms the air, and paints the land:
'The summer rays with vigor shine,
'To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
'Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the chearful homage paid
With op'ning light, and ev'ning shade.

6 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still will we make thy mercies known,
Around thy board, and round our own.

7 O may our more harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown pursue the Songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN CCCXV. C. M.

A morning hymn.

1 'T WAS the eternal word that spake,
And said, "Let there be light,"

It was, and at his high command,
Sprang from the womb of night.

2 He bids the day-spring know its place,
And guides the rising sun:

All nature owns her sov'reign Lord,
And what he wills is done.

3 Should he forbid the sun to rise,
And endless darkness reign:

Justice would silence every mouth,
Nor let a tongue complain.

4 Thus, had the Sun of Righteousness,
Never arose and shone,

The frowning heav'n had dash'd with wrath,
For crimes, which we have done.

5 Then had salvation ne'er appear'd,
Nor angel sung of peace;

The anthem never had begun,
Which now will never cease.

6 But thanks to God, the n'ral Sun,
Does light and heat convey,

The Sun of Righteousness will shine
Forever on our day.

HYMN CCCXVI. Sevens.

A hymn to be repeated when rising.

- 1 NOW the shades of night are gone ;
 Now the morning light is come :
 Lord, may I be thine to-day,
 Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill my soul with heav'nly light,
 Banish doubt and cleanse my sight ;
 In thy service, Lord, to-day,
 Help me labor, help me pray.
- 3 Keep my haughty passions bound,
 Save me from my foes around ;
 Going out and coming in,
 Keep me safe from ev'ry sin.
- 4 When my work of life is past,
 Oh ! receive me then at last !
 Night of sin will be no more,
 When I reach the heav'nly shore.
-

HYMN CCCXVII. C. M.

A morning Hymn.

- 1 WITH thee, great God, the stores of light,
 And stores of darkness lie ;
 Thou form'st the sable veil of night,
 And spread'st it round the sky.
- 2 And when with welcome slumber press'd,
 We close our weary eyes,
 Thy pow'r unseen, secures our rest,
 And makes us joyful rise.
- 3 Numbers, this night, great God, have met
 Their long eternal doom ;
 And lost the joys of morning light
 In death's tremendous gloom.

- 4 Numbers on restless beds still lie,
 And still their woes bewail ;
 While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,
 A thousand pleasures feel.
- 5 To thee, great God, in thankful songs,
 Our morning thoughts arise :
 Propitious in thy Son, accept
 The willing sacrifice.

HYMN CCCXVIII. L. M.

An evening hymn.

- 1 BLEST Lord, when darkness veils the skies,
 Prevent the slumber of my eyes ;
 Till bow'd before the king of kings,
 I ask myself the following things.
- 2 Where have I been, what have I done ?
 To what new follies have I run ?
 Have I observ'd each rising thought ;
 And done the things which God hath taught ?
- 3 Do secret thoughts and actions prove
 My love to God who reigns above ?
 Do my affections rise on high,
 As days and nights successive fly ?
- 4 Do I rejoice in that wise plan,
 Which governs all th' affairs of man ?
 Gives life, and health, and joy, and rest,
 Or sends affliction when 'tis best ?
- 5 And when God's holy law I hear,
 Does it alarm my heart with fear ?
 Or does it sweetly rule within,
 And make me hate and fly from sin ?
- 6 Lord, help me see and try my heart,
 And search me through in every part ;
 Cleanse me from sin and warm my love,
 Thus fit me for the world above.

HYMN CCCXIX. C. M.

An evening hymn.

1 INDULGENT Father! by whose care,
I've pass'd another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.

2 Show me my sins, and how to moan
My guilt before thy face:
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.

3 Speak to my conscience, speak thou peace,
Through his atoning blood:
And grant me, Lord, a full release
From sin's oppressive load.

4 Show me my wants, and let me crave
Nothing but what is right;
Help me, by faith, on thee to live,
Then change my faith to fight.

5 Open to me thy gracious ear,
Great God my wants supply;
Confirm my hope, relieve my fear,
And bid my murmurings die.

6 Guide me through life's mysterious path,
Nor let me from thee stray;
Preserve my fleeting, mortal breath
Through each revolving day.

7 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love;
And ev'ry hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.

8 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heav'n and glory rise,
T' enjoy thy smiling face.

HYMN CCCCX. C. M.

A hymn to be repeated on going to rest.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear,
O may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.
- 2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest ;
So death will soon remove me hence,
And leave my soul undrest.
- 3 Lord keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears ;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
'Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when I early rise,
'To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize
And after glory run.
- 5 That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Lord I may in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

HYMN CCCCXI. L. M.

Asking Christ's presence on the Sabbath

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise and pray,
To spend with Christ this sacred day,
For wings of faith to soar above,
And clasp his feet in arms of love.
- 2 I'd hold him fast, till he should give,
A word of grace and bid me live.
I'd plead his blood for guilt and sin,
Till he should cleanse from every stain.

3 On him, whose glories fill the skies,
I'd gaze and fix my wond'ring eyes,
Copy his beauties on my heart,
'Till love transform in ev'ry part.

4 'Tis he can clothe my naked soul,
And by a word can make me whole ;
Send peace and patience to the mind,
And give a heart to God resign'd.

HYMN CCCXXII. As the 148th. Psalm.

A Hymn for the Lord's day morning.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band,
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand.

Auspicious morn ! thy blisful rays,
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise,

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confin'd :

'Th' angelic host around him bends
And 'midst their shouts, the God ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Heav'n with hosannas rings ;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings :

Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Thro' endless years to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth, and love
Maintain the glorious war :

Victorious thou thy foes shall tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
 And wing th' unerring dart,
 With salutary pangs,
 To each rebellious heart :
 Then dying souls for life shall sue,
 Num'rous as drops of morning dew.

 HYMN CCCXXIII. C. M.

A Hymn for the Evening of the Lord's day.

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
 To shed its quick'ning beams ;
 And yet how slow devotion burns !
 How languid are its flames !
- 2 Accept my faint attempts to love,
 My frailties, Lord forgive ;
 I would be like thy saints above,
 And praise thee while I live.
- 3 Assist me while I wander here,
 Amidst a world of cares :
 Incline my heart to pray with love,
 And then accept my pray'rs.
- 4 Release my soul from every chain,
 No more hell's captive led ;
 And pardon a repenting child,
 For whom the Saviour bled.
- 5 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul,
 That gives itself to thee ;
 Take all that I possess below,
 And give thy face to see.
- 6 Thy spirit, O my Father, give,
 To be my guide and friend,
 To light my ways to ceaseless joys,
 To Sabbaths without end.

HYMN CCCXXIV. L. M.

The eternal Sabbath. Heb. iv. 9.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
Obscures the lustre of thy throne.

4 Around thy throne, grant we may meet,
And give us but the lowest seat;
We'll shout thy praise, and join the song
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

HYMN CCCXXV. C. M.

The covenant with Abraham and all believers the same.—A hymn for baptism.

1 WHEN God the Patriarch Abr'am call'd,
And chose him for his own;
"Abr'am, he said, behold thy God,
And own thyself my son.

2 "A gracious cov'nant now I make,
To give thee Canaan's rest:
From thee shall come a glorious seed,
To make the nations blest.

3 "This promise is to thee reveal'd
To raise thy hope and love;
By faith behold thy future son
Descending from above.

- 4 "Hear my command, nor dare transgress,
But own my right divine:
'Tis circumcision I ordain
To mark thy sons as mine.
- 5 "By this make known and seal thy faith,
Thy children give to God;
And learn the meaning of the rite,
Which points to purer blood."
- 6 Lord! may we come with Abr'am's faith,
To thee our infants give;
Accept our babes, impart the grace
Which makes young sinners live.
- 7 Thy cov'nant ever stands the same,
Seal'd by a rite that's new
Baptiz'd and mark'd, O Lord, as thine,
Now form their hearts anew.

 HYMN CCCXXVI. C. M.

Little children presented to Christ in Baptism.

- 1 HOW great our glorious Shepherd's love,
Display'd in all its forms!
He feeds his flock, he guards his lambs,
And folds them in his arms.
- 2 "Forbid them not," he says, "to come
And taste a Saviour's love;
They stand within my kingdom here,
And shall in heav'n above.
- 3 "In all my promises of good
Made to my church below,
I ne'er forgot, I still include
Their infant offspring too."
- 4 Let us accept the offer'd grace,
And give our babes to God,
By faith apply the gospel seal
Which points to Jesu's blood.

5 Encourag'd by his word we come,
 With humble hope inspir'd ;
 That he will take them in his arms,
 And give the grace requir'd.

 HYMN CCCXXVII. L. M.

Circumcision and baptism.

1 ONCE did the sons of Abr'am pass
 Under the bloody seal of grace ;
 The young disciples bore the yoke,
 Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
 His Father's cov'nant and his love ;
 He seals to saints his glorious grace,
 And not forbids their infant race.

3 Their seed are sprinkled with his blood,
 Their children set apart for God ;
 His Spirit on their offspring shed,
 Like water pour'd upon the head.

4 Let ev'ry saint with cheerful voice
 In this large covenant rejoice ;
 Young children, in their early days,
 Shall give the God of Abr'am praise.

 HYMN CCCXXVIII. C. M.

Look on him whom they pierced and mourn.

1 INFINITE grief, amazing woe,
 Behold my bleeding Lord ;
 Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
 And us'd the Roman sword.

2 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
 My dear Redeemer bore,
 When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
 His sacred body tore.

- 3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
In vain do I accuse:
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.
- 4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twere you that led the vengeance down
Upon his guilty head;
Break, break my heart, oh, burst mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed.
- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my stubborn soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undisturbed woe.

HYMN CCCXXIX. L. M.

Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ
Gal. vi. 14.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And mourning weep o'er all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God,
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet;
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN CCCXXX. L. M.

Strength from a view of the Cross.

1 WHEN I the blest Redeemer see
All bleeding on th' accursed tree ;
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transform'd to love.

2 His thorns and nails, pierce thro' my heart,
In ev'ry groan I bear a part ;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
But see ! he bows his head and dies !

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood !
Behold his side, and venture near,
The spring of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains ;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains ;
Only the fountain-head above,
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 Oh, that I thus could always feel !
Lord, more and more thy love reveal !
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
 Revives my heart, and charms my ear;
 Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
 Then I with love thy praise resound.

HYMN CCCXXXI. As 50th Psalm.

God's Love to the world in sending Christ for its Redemption. John iii. 16.

1 SING to the Lord a new melodious song:
 Assist the Choir, ye tribes of ev'ry tongue:
 Wide as the world his sov'reign mercy reigns;
 Wide as the world resound the rapt'rous strains
 Ye Angels, join the joyful acclamation,
 And sing the Love, that brings to men Salvation.

2 His gracious eye beheld in full survey,
 Where Adam's race in mingled ruin lay:
 No human aid the danger could avert;
 No Angel's hand could soothe the raging smart:
 In his own breast divine compassion rises,
 And the grand scheme the host of Heav'n surprises.

3 God's only Son with heav'nly glories bright,
 His Father's fairest image and delight,
 Justice and grace the victim have decreed,
 To wear our flesh, and in that flesh to bleed:
 Prostrate in dust, ye sinners, all adore him,
 And tremble, while your hearts rejoice before him.

4 The wond'rous work is done; the Cov'nant
 stood,
 And Christ atones for human guilt with blood;
 Nail'd to the tree he bows his sacred head;
 A mangled corpse he sojourns with the dead
 Rising, the Gospel sends thro' ev'ry nation;
 Sinners believe, and gain compleat Salvation

5 Father of grace, accept our humble praise ;
O let it run thro' everlasting days !

And thou, blest Saviour, spotless Lamb of God,
Accept the souls dear-ransom'd with thy blood.

And to those songs, form all our feeble voices,
In which the choir round thy bright throne
rejoices.

HYMN CCCXXXII. *Rights.*

The resurrection of Christ.

1 SEE the victorious Jesus come,
Rising triumphant from the tomb,
Th' Almighty conq'ror quits the pris'n ;
And angels tell the Lord is ris'n.
Angels, angels, angels, angels,
And angels tell the Lord is ris'n.

2 Ye guilty souls that groan and grieve,
Hear the glad tidings, hear and live ;
God's righteous law is satisfy'd,
And justice now is on your side.
Justice, justice, justice, justice,
And justice now is, on your side.

3 Your Surety, thus releas'd by God,
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood,
No new demand, no bar remains ;
But mercy now triumphant reigns.
Mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy,
But mercy now triumphant reigns.

4 Believers, hail your rising Head,
See Jesus coming from the dead,
Your resurrection's sure, through his,
'To endless life, and boundless bliss.
Endless, endless, endless, endless,
To endless life, and boundless bliss.

HYMN CCCXXXIII. L. M.

*The Institution of the Lord's supper. Matthew
xxvi. 26—29.*

1 'T WAS on that night when doom'd to know
The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
That night in which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread :

2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n
To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his followers spoke :

3 " My broken body thus I give
For you, for all ; take, eat, and live :
And oft the sacred rite renew,
That brings my wond'rous love to view."

4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and prais'd ;
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd.

5 " My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies ;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.

6 With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught,
Through latest ages let it pour
In mem'ry of my dying hour."

HYMN CCCXXXIV. L. M.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

1 HE dies ! the friend of sinners dies !
Lo Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !

2 Come, faints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

5 Break off your tears, ye faints, and tell
How high our great deliverer reigns!
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led devouring death in chains!

6 Say, "live forever, wond'rous King,
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then sing, "O death where is thy sting?
"And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

H Y M N CCCXXXV. C. M.

An invitation to the gospel feast. Luke xiv. 22.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!

Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room:

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;

Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconcil'd;
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN CCCXXXVI. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
 He sets the pris'ner free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean ;
 His blood avail'd for me.

5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
 Shall feel our sins forgiv'n ;
 Anticipate our heav'n below,
 And own that love is heav'n.

HYMN CCCXXXVII. S. M.

The spirit, the water, and the blood. 1 John, v. 6.

1 LET all our tongues be one,
 To praise our God on high,
 Who from his bosom sent his Son
 To bring us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
 To sing the Saviour's name :
 Jesus, th' Ambassador of peace,
 How cheerfully he came!

3 It cost him cries and tears
 To bring us near to God ;
 Great was our debt, and he appears
 To make the payment good.

4 My Saviour's pierced side
 Pour'd down a double flood ;
 By water we are purify'd,
 And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
 But he, our Priest, atones ;
 On the cold ground his life was spilt
 And offer'd with his groans.

6 Look up, my soul, to him
 Whose death was thy desert,

And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 'There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies :
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came
By water and by blood ;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

9 While the eternal Three
Their record bear above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal my Saviour's love.

10 Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart :
Great Comforter ! abide within,
And witness to mine heart.

HYMN CCCXXXVIII. L. M.

Christ the first and the last, humbled to death, and exalted to an eternal triumph over it. Revelation i. 17, 18.

1 WHAT myst'ries, Lord, in thee combine !
Jesus, once mortal, yet divine ;
The first, the last ; the end, the head ;
The source of life among the dead !

2 O love, beyond the stretch of thought !
What matchless wonders hath it wrought !
Faith trembles when she sees the load
Borne by the suff'ring son of God.

3 Hail, royal conqu'ror o'er the grave,
Tender to pity, strong to save !

For ever live, for ever reign,
And prosp'rous may thy throne remain !

4 Thy Saints, obedient to thy word,
With humble joy, surround thy board :
And, long as time pursues its race,
Proclaim thy death, and shout thy grace.

5 In the full choir, where angels join
Their harps of melody divine,
Thy death inspires a song of praise,
New thro' thy life's eternal days.

HYMN CCCXXXIX. S. M.

Christ's intercession.

1 OUR great Redeemer's gone
To plead before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down ;
If justice calls for sinners blood,
The Saviour shows his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves ;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honor sing,
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high,
Hosanna to the God of grace,
" That lays his thunder by."

6 "On earth thy mercy reigns,
 "And triumphs all above:"
 But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
 To speak immortal love.

HYMN CCCXL. C. M.

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
 And bath'd in its own blood,
 While all expos'd to wrath divine,
 The glorious Suff'rer stood.
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groan'd upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God the mighty Maker dy'd
 For man the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.
- 6 But drops of tears can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

*O the Lamb & the living Lamb, The Lamb in Calvary,
 The Lamb that was slain, now liveth again
 To interceed for me.*

HYMN CCCXLI. L. M.

*The goodness of God acknowledged in giving pastors
after his own heart. Jerem. iii. 15.*

At the Settlement of a Minister.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep
With constant care thy humble sheep ;
By thee inferior pastors rise
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart ;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear,
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pastures tread.

4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house ;
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Compleatly heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock ;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

HYMN CCCXLII. C. M.

*Watching for souls in the view of the great account.
Heb. xiii. 17.*

For the Ordination of a Minister.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give ;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego ;
For souls, which must forever live
In raptures, or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there ;
And should'st thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear ?
- 5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see ;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

HYMN CXXLIII. L. M.

On opening a new place for worship.

Psalm lxxxvii. 5.

- 1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode ?
And will he from his radiant throne
Avow our temples for his own ?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.
- 3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
Which guards our synagogues in peace,
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To fill our worshippers with dread.

4 These walls we to thy honor raise ;
 Long may they echo with thy praise ;
 And Thou descending fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.

5 Here let the great Redeemer reign
 With all the graces of his train ;
 While pow'r divine his word attends
 To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

6 And in the great decisive day,
 When God the nations shall survey,
 May it before the world appear,
 That crowds were born to glory here.

H Y M N CCCXLIV. L. M.

A thanksgiving hymn.

1 ALMIGHTY Sov'reign of the skies,
 To thee let songs of gladness rise,
 Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
 And ev'ry voice thy goodness sing.

2 'Twas thou that built this spacious earth,
 Thou gav'st to ev'ry creature birth,
 E'en man was fashion'd by thy hand,
 And angels glow'd at thy command.

3 From thee our choicest blessings flow,
 Life, health, and strength, thy hands bestow,
 The daily good thy creatures share,
 Springs from thy providential care.

4 The rich profusion nature yields,
 The harvests waving o'er the fields,
 The cheering light, refreshing show'r,
 Are gifts from thy exhaustless store.

5 At thy command the vernal bloom,
 Revives the world from winter's gloom,

The summer's heat the fruit matures,
And autumn all her treasures pours.

6 From thee proceed domestic ties,
Connubial bliss, paternal joys;
On thy support the nations stand,
Obedient to thy high command.

7 But how shall frail imperfect man,
Whose being reaches but a span,
Attempt in earth-born strains to prove,
The wonders of Redeeming love!

8 Let ev'ry pow'r of heart and tongue,
Unite to swell the grateful song,
While age and youth in chorus join;
And praise the Majesty divine.

HYMN CCCXLV. L. M.

Thanksgiving for national deliverance, and improvement of it. Luke i. 74. 75.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's pray'r;
And, tho' deliverance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.

2 O may our tongues thy praise proclaim,
And speak the glories of thy name;
Lord, help us all thy love to sing,
And thankful tribute to thee bring.

3 Our temples, guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name:
And ev'ry peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.

4 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy honor'd sight:
Still in thy precepts and thy fear
To life's last hour to persevere.

HYMN CCCXLVI. C. M.

For a public fast.

2 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend !

'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful pow'r display ;

Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 What num'rous crimes increasing rise,
Through this apostate land !

What land so favor'd of the skies,
Yet thoughtless of thy hand ?

4 How chang'd, alas ! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame !

What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the christian name !

5 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require ;

And sink with gay indiff'rence down
To everlasting fire.

6 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace ;

Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

7. [Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear ;

Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.]

HYMN CCCXLVII. L. M.

Of lamenting national sins. Ezek. ix. 4.—6.*For a fast-day.*

1 O RIGHTEOUS God, thou judge supreme,
 We tremble at thy dreadful name,
 And all our trying guilt we own
 In dust and tears before thy throne.

2 So manifold our crimes have been,
 Such crimson tincture dyes our sin,
 That, could we all its horrors know,
 Our streaming eyes with blood might flow.

3 Estrang'd from reverential awe,
 We trample on thy sacred law;
 And, tho' such wonders grace hath done,
 Anew we crucify his Son.

4 Justly might this polluted land,
 Prove all the vengeance of thy hand;
 And bath'd in heav'n, thy sword might come
 To drink our blood, and seal our doom.

5 Yet hast thou not a remnant here,
 Whose souls are fill'd with pious fear?
 O bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
 While prostrate at thy feet they lie.

6 Behold their tears, attend their moan,
 Nor turn away their secret groan:
 With these we join our humble pray'r;
 Our nation shield, our country spare.

7 [But if the sentence be decreed,
 And our dear native land must bleed,
 By thy sure mark may we be known,
 And save in life or death thy own.]

HYMN CCCXLVIII. C. M.

Sick bed reflections.

1 MY soul would fain indulge a hope
To reach the heav'nly shore ;
And when I drop this dying flesh,
That I shall sin no more.

2 That then I shall behold the Lamb,
Who once for sin was slain,
But rose triumphing o'er the grave,
And on his throne doth reign.

3 I hope to hear and join the song,
That saints and angels raise,
And while eternal ages roll,
To sing eternal praise.

4 But Oh, this dreadful heart of sin,
It may deceive me still,
And while I look for joys above,
May plunge me down to hell.

5 The scene must then forever close,
Probation at an end,
No gospel grace can reach me there,
No pardon there descend.

6 Come then, O blessed Jesus, come,
To me thy spirit give :
Shine through a dark, benighted soul,
And bid a sinner live.

HYMN CCCXLIX. C. M.

For a time of general sickness.

1 DEATH with his dread commission seal'd,
Now hastens to his arms:
In awful state he takes the field,
And sounds his dire alarms.

- 2 Attendant plagues around him stand,
And wait his dread command ;
And pains, and dying groans obey
The signal of his hand.
- 3 With cruel force, he scatters round
His shafts of deadly pow'r ;
While the grave waits its destin'd prey,
Impatient to devour.
- 4 Look up, ye heirs of endless joy,
Nor let your fears prevail ;
Eternal life is your reward,
When life on earth shall fail.
- 5 What though his darts, promiscuous hurl'd,
Deal fatal plagues around ;
And heaps of putrid carcases
O'erload the cumber'd ground ;
- 6 The arrows, that shall wound your flesh,
Were giv'n him from above,
Dipt in the great Redeemer's blood,
And feather'd all with love.
- 7 These, with a gentle hand, he throws,
And faints lie gasping too ;
But heav'nly strength supports their souls,
And bears them conqu'rors through.

HYMN CCCL. C. M.

Complaint and hope under great pain.

- 1 LORD, I am pain'd, but I resign
My body to thy will ;
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.
- 2 Dark are the ways of providence,
While they who love thee groan :

- Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
 Myfterious and unknown.
- 3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
 And plead before her God,
 Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break
 Beneath thine heavy rod.
- 4 These mournful groans and flowing tears,
 Give my poor spirit ease;
 While ev'ry groan my Father hears,
 And ev'ry tear he sees.
- 5 [How shall I glorify my God,
 In bonds of grief confin'd?
 Damp'd is my vigor, while this clod
 Hangs heavy on my mind.]
- 6 Is not some smiling hour at hand
 With peace upon its wings?
 Give it, O God, thy swift command,
 With all the joys it brings.

HYMN CCCLI. C. M.

Praise for recovery from sickness. Psa. cxviii. 18, 19.

- 1 SOV'REIGN of life, I own thy hand
 In every chastening stroke;
 And while I smart beneath thy rod,
 Thy presence I invoke.
- 2 To thee in my distress I cry'd,
 And thou hast bow'd thy ear;
 Thy pow'ful word my life prolong'd,
 And brought salvation near.
- 3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
 That, with the pious throng,
 I may record my solemn vows,
 And tune my grateful song.

- 4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
Renews our lab'ring breath:
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death.
- 5 My God, in thine appointed hour,
Those heav'nly gates display,
Where pain and sin, and fear and death
For ever flee away.
- 6 There, while the nations of the bless'd,
With raptures bow around,
My anthems to deliv'ring grace,
In sweeter strains shall sound.

 HYMN CCCLII. C. M.

Longing after unseen pleasures. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

- 1 O COULD our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 2 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

HYMN CCCLIII. L. M.

The shortness of time, and frailty of man.

Psa. xxxix.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days !
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears ;
How frail at best is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears.

3 Vain his ambition, noise and show !
Vain are the cares which rack his mind !
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine ;
My God, I bow before thy throne,
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on thee alone.

HYMN CCCLIV. C. M.

Death and judgment appointed to all. Heb. ix. 27.

1 HEAV'N has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die :
One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must quickly dwell ;
Hark how the awful summons sounds
In ev'ry fun'ral knell !

3 Once you must die, and once for all ;
The solemn purport weigh ;
For know, that heav'n or hell depends
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake the Judge to see,
And ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend,
And far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

HYMN CCCLV. L. M.

The tolling bell.

1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3 Then, leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

4 LORD JESUS! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy spirit give,
Subdue my sins, and let me live.

5 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

6 Rather my spirit would rejoice,
 And long and wish to hear thy voice ;
 Glad when it bids me earth resign,
 Secure of heav'n, if thou art mine.

H Y M N C C C L V I. C. M.

The death of a Believer.

1 IN vain my fancy strives to paint
 The moment after death,
 The glories that surround a faint,
 When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,
 We scarce can say, "he's gone!"
 Before the willing spirit takes
 Its mansions near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
 To trace the spirit's flight :
 No eye can pierce within the veil
 Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
 Saints are completely blest ;
 Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
 And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
 His face they always view ;
 Then let us followers be of them,
 That we may praise him too.

H Y M N C C C L V I I. L. M.

The death of Saints.

1 OUR life how short! a groan, a sigh,
 We live, and then begin to die ;
 Death steals upon us while we're green,
 Behind us digs a grave unseen.

2 But Oh! how great a mercy this,
 'That death's a portal into bliss;
 While yet the body's scarce undrest,
 'The soul ascends to heav'nly rest.

3 My soul! death swallows up thy fears,
 My grave-clothes wipe away all tears;
 Why should we fear this parting pain,
 Who die that we may live again?

4 Oh! how the resurrection light,
 Will clarify believers' sight;
 How joyful will the saints arise
 And rub the dust from off their eyes!

5 My soul! my body I will trust
 With him who numbers every dust;
 My Saviour faithfully will keep
 His own—their death is but a sleep.

HYMN CCCLVIII. L. M.

The happiness of departing, and being with Christ.
 Phil. i. 23.

1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
 And view the scene on either hand,
 My spirit struggles with the clay,
 And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Come, ye angelic guardians, come,
 And lead the willing pilgrim home;
 Ye know the way to J^h's throne,
 Source of my joys, and of your own.

3 The blissful interview, how sweet!
 'To fall transported at his feet!
 Rais'd in his arms to view his face,
 'Thro' the full beamings of his grace!

4 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
 I'll wait thy signal for my flight;
 For, while thy service I pursue,
 I find my heav'n begun below.

HYMN CCCLIX. C. M.

Victory over death thro' Christ. I Cor. xv. 57.

1 WHEN death appears before my fight
 In all his dire array,
 Unequal to the dreadful fight,
 My courage dies away.

2 But see my glorious Leader nigh!
 My Lord, my Saviour lives:
 Before him death's pale terrors fly,
 And my faint heart revives.

3 He left his dazzling throne above,
 He met the tyrant's dart,
 And (O amazing pow'r of love!)
 Receiv'd it in his heart.

4 No more, O grim destroyer, boast
 Thy universal sway;
 To heav'n-born souls thy sting is lost,
 Thy night is turn'd to day.

5 Lord, I commit my soul to thee,
 Accept the sacred trust,
 Receive this obler part of me,
 And watch my sleeping dust:

6 Till that illustrious morning come,
 When all thy saints shall rise,
 And cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
 Attend thee to the skies.

HYMN CCCLIX. C. M.

The death and burial of a saint.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upwards too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd
And soften'd ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN CCCLXI. L. M.

The death of a sinner and the saints.

- 1 WHAT scenes of horror and of dread
Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's cross all appear in sight,
Refuge of eternal night.

- 2 His fins in dreadful order rise,
 And fill his soul with sad surprize;
 Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears
 And not one ray of hope appears.
- 3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast,
 Where'er he turns he finds no rest;
 Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries,
 And, in despair and horror, dies,
- 4 Not so the heir of heav'nly bliss;
 His soul is fill'd with conscious peace;
 A steady faith subdues his fear;
 He sees the happy Canaan near.
- 5 His mind is tranquil and serene,
 No terrors in his looks are seen;
 His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
 And smoothes his passage to the tomb.
- 6 Lord, make my faith and love sincere,
 My judgment sound, my conscience clear;
 And when the toils of life are past,
 May I be found in peace at last.

 HYMN CCCLXII. S. M.

Preparation for death. Matt. xxiv. 44.

- 1 PREPARE me, gracious God,
 To stand before thy face;
 Thy spirit must the work perform,
 For it is all of grace.
- 2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
 And wash me in his blood:
 So shall I lift my head with joy,
 Among the sons of God.
- 3 Do thou my fins subdue,
 Thy sov'reign love make known;

The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy son.

4 Let me attest thy pow'r
Let me thy goodness prove,
'Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

HYMN CCCLXIII. Eights.

A view of death delightful to a believer.

1 AH ! lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair ?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare :
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

2 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind !
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind !
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain,
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again :
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay ;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

4 This languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinking and aching are o'er,
 This quiet immovable breast
 Is heav'd by affliction no more :
 This heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain ;
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.

5 The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal repose
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :
 The mountains can yield no supplies ;
 These hollows from water are free ;
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe,
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death :
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 O might I this moment become
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb !

HYMN CCCLXIV. L. M.

A funeral hymn, at the interment of the body.

[N. B. If this or the preceding hymn is sung at the funeral of a female, the word *see* and *her*, may be substituted in place of *he* and *his*.]

1 UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,
 And give these sacred relics room
 To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Inva'de thy bounds. No mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 And angels watch his soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying son
 Pass'd through the grave and blest the bed;
 Rest here blest saint, till from his throne
 The morning break and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn,
 Attend O earth his sov'reign word;
 Restore thy trust, a glorious form;
 He must ascend to meet his Lord.

HYMN CCCXLV. C. M.

A prospect of the resurrection.

1 LO! I behold the fear'ring shades,
 The dawn of heav'n appears;
 The sweet immortal morning spreads
 Its blushes round the spheres.

2 I see the Lord of glory come,
 And flaming guards around;
 The skies divide to make him room,
 The trumpet shakes the ground.

3 I hear the voice, "Ye dead arise!"
 And lo, the graves obey;
 And waking saints with joyful eyes
 Salute th' expected day.

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
 Rise to the midway air,
 In shining garments meet their King,
 And low adore him there.

5 O may our humble souls be found
 Among them when the trumpet sounds.

The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

H Y M N CCCLXVI. L. M.

Sin and misery connected.

1 **WHAT** wretched fools are they, who hear,
With scorn, the sound of gospel grace;
For sorrow walks along with sin,
Although they keep not equal pace.

2 How blindly finners grasp their chain,
And yet of freedom vainly boast:
They look for happiness and peace,
Nor think by sin their peace is lost.

3 Approaching vice is deck'd in charms
And smiles with promises of gain:
No sooner past, its joys are fled,
And all its pleasures chang'd to pain.

4 Sinners may for a time rejoice,
Till storms of threaten'd wrath arise,
Till justice grasp th' avenging sword,
And then the wretch the sinner dies.

H Y M N CCCLXVII. L. M.

*The day of judgment will shew the connection between
sin and misery.*

1 **GOD** from his throne with piercing eye,
Naked does every heart behold;
But never, till we come to die,
To us will such a view unfold.

2 Should sin, in naked form appear,
Just as it rises in the heart,
And others know and see it there
In ev'ry feeling, every thought:

3 The fire of hell must kindle soon,
How envy and revenge would flame!
One heart would urge another on,
Till rage and vengeance want a name!

4 Sin in its nature would appear
A living death, to form a hell;
The worst of mis'ries creatures fear,
The worst of plagues the tongue can tell.

5 Unvail'd and naked ev'ry heart
Before the judgment seat must stand,
Sin act no more a double part,
But meet a death from its own hand.

6 The fiery lake must hotter grow
From the fierce clash of sinful souls;
Each bosom like a furnace glow,
Nor God the rage, or fire control.

HYMN CCCLXVIII. Sevens.

Sinner, prepare to meet God!

1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day!

2 See, his mighty arm is bared!
Awful terrors close thy view!
For his judgment thou art prepar'd,
Thou must either break or bow!

3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;

Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee ?

4 Who his advent may abide ?
You that glory in your flame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapp'd in flame ?

5 Then the rich, the great, the wise,
Trembling, guilty, self-condemn'd ;
Must behold the wrathful eyes
Of the Judge they once blasphem'd.

6 Where are now their haughty looks,
—Oh, their horror and despair !
When they see the open'd books,
And their dreadful sentence hear !

7 Lord, prepare us by thy grace !
Soon we must resign our breath ;
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

8 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice ;
Seek the things that are above ;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

H Y M N CCCLXIX. L. M.

Sinners and saints in the wreck of nature.

Isaiah, xlv. 18—20.

1 HOW great and terrible that God,
Who shakes creation with his rod !
He frowns—earth, sea, all nature frame
Sink in universal flame.

2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wreck ;
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown ?
See rocks, like snow dissolving down.

3 In vain for mercy now they cry ;
 In lakes of liquid fire they lie ;
 There on the flaming billows tost,
 For ever—O forever lost !

4 But saints, undaunted and serene,
 With calmness view the dreadful scene ;
 Their Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
 And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

5 Jesus, the helpless creature's friend ;
 To thee my all I dare commend ;
 Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
 When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

HYMN CCCLXX. L. M.

The day of the Lord.

1 HARK ! from the sky, the trump proclaims,
 Jesus the Judge approaching nigh !
 See, the creation wrapt in flames,
 First kindled by his vengeful eye !

2 When thus the mountains melt like wax ;
 When earth, and air, and sea, shall burn :
 When all the frame of nature shakes ;
 Poor sinner, whither wilt thou turn ?

3 The puny works which feeble men
 Now boast, or covet, or admire ;
 Their pomp, and arts, and treasures, then
 Shall perish in one common fire.

4 Lord, fix our hearts and hopes above !
 Since all below to ruin tends .
 Here may we trust, obey and love,
 And there be found amongst thy friends.

HYMN CCCLXXI. C. M.

Thunder, or the day of judgment.

- 1 WHEN a black overspreading cloud
Has darken'd all the air ;
And peals of thunder roaring loud,
Proclaim the tempest near ;
- 2 Then guilt and fear, the fruits of sin,
The sinner oft pursue ;
A louder storm is heard within,
And conscience thunders too.
- 3 But whither, sinners, will ye flee,
When nature's mighty frame,
The pond'rous earth, and air and sea
Shall all dissolve in flame ?
- 4 Amazing day ! it comes apace !—
The Judge is hast'ning down !
Can ye then bear to see his face,
Or stand before his frown.
- 5 Lord, let thy mercy find a way
To touch each stubborn heart ;
That they may never hear thee say,
“ Ye cursed ones depart.”

HYMN CCCLXXII. L. M.

The book opened. Rev. xx. 12.

- 1 METHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command ;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.

3 Behold the awful books display'd,
Big with th' important fates of men ;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.

4 To every soul, the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward :
Sinners in vain lament and pine,
No plea the Judge will here regard.

5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve :
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

H Y M N CCCLXXIII. S. M.

The final sentence and misery of the wicked.

Matt. xxv. 41.

1 AND will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound ;
And through the numerous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around ?

3 " Depart from me, accurs'd,
" To everlasting flame,
" For rebel angels first prepar'd,
" Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day :
When earth and heav'n, before his face,
Astonish'd shrink away ?

5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead ;

Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye finners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

HYMN CCCLXXIV. C. M.

The final sentence, and happiness of the righteous.

Matt. xxv. 34.

1 ATTEND, my ear; my heart rejoice,
While Jesus from his throne,
Before the bright angelic hosts
Makes his last sentence known.

2 When finners, cursed from his face,
To raging flames are driv'n;
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his saints to heav'n.

3 "Bless'd of my father, all draw near,
"Receive the great reward;
"And rise, with raptures to possess
"The kingdom love prepar'd.

4 "Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
"His sov'reign purpose wrought,
"And rear'd those palaces divine,
"To which you now are brought.

5 "There shall you reign unnumber'd years,
"Protected by my pow'r;
"While sin and death, and pains and cares,
"Shall vex your souls no more."

6 Come, dear majestic Saviour, come,
 This Jubilee proclaim ;
 And teach us language fit to praise
 So great, so dear a name.

HYMN, CCCLXXV. Eights and Sevens.

Day of Judgment.

1 LO ! he cometh ! countless trumpets
 Blow to rise the sleeping dead ;
 Midst ten thousand saints and angels
 See their great exalted head :

Hallelujah,
 Welcome, welcome Son of God.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty :
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away :
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
 Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! come away !

4 At his call, the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea :
 All the powers of nature, shaken
 By his looks, prepare to see
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee ?

5 Horrors pass imagination,
 Will surprisethy trembling heart,
 When thou hearest thy condemnation,

“ Hence, accursed wretch, depart !

“ Thou with satan

“ And his angels, have thy part !”

6 But to those who have confessed,
“ Lov'd and serv'd the Lord, below ;

He will say, “ come near, ye blessed,

“ See the kingdom I bestow :

“ You forever

“ Shall my love and glory know.”

H Y M N CCCLXXVI. L. M.

The Song of Heaven desired by Saints on earth.

1 THE dawn of morning veils her face

When the bright sun ascends the space ;

So glad will grace resign her room

To glory in the heav'nly home.

2 Happy the company that's gone

From crofs to crown, from thrall to throne ;

How loud they sing upon the shore,

To which they sail'd in heart before !

3 Bless'd are the dead, yea, faith the word,

That die in Christ the living Lord,

And on the other side of death

Thus joyful spend their praising breath :

4 “ Death from all death has set us free,

“ And will our gain for ever be ;

“ Death loos'd the massy chains of woe,

“ To let the mournful captive go.

5 “ Death is to to us a sweet repose,

“ The bud was op'd to shew the rose ;

“ The cage was broke to let us fly,

“ And build our happy nest on high.

6 “ Lo, here we do triumphant reign,

“ And joyful sing in lofty strain :

“ Lo here we rest, and love to be,
“ Enjoying more than faith could see.

7 “ The thousandth part we now behold,
“ By mortal tongues was never told;
“ We got a taste, but now above
“ We forage in the fields of love.

8 “ Faith once beheld a distant joy,
“ Now love drinks deep without alloy;
“ Beyond the fears of more mishap,
“ We gladly rest in glory's lap.

9 “ Earth was to us a seat of war,
“ In thrones of triumph now we are;
“ We long'd to see our Jesus dear,
“ And fought him there, but find him here.

10 “ We walk in white without annoy,
“ In glorious galleries of joy:
“ And crown'd through everlasting days,
“ We rival cherubs in their praise.

11 “ No longer we complain of wants,
“ We see the glorious King of saints,
“ Amidst his joyful hosts around,
“ With all his heav'nly glory crown'd.

12 “ We see him at his table head
“ With living water, living bread,
“ His cheerful guests incessant load
“ With all the plenitude of God.

13 “ We see the holy flaming fires,
“ Cherubic and seraphic quires;
“ And gladly join with those on high,
“ To warble praise eternally.

14 “ Glory to God that here we came,
“ And glory to the glorious Lamb;
“ Our light, our life, our joy, our all,
“ We now embrace secure from fall.

- 15 " Our Lord is ours, and we are his ;
 " Yea, now we see him as he is :
 " And hence we like unto him are,
 " And full his glorious image share.
- 16 " No darkness now, no dismal night,
 " No vapour intercepts the light ;
 " We see for ever face to face,
 " The highest Prince in highest place.
- 17 " This, this does heav'n enough afford,
 " We are for ever with the Lord :
 " We want no more, for all is giv'n ;
 " His presence is the bliss of heav'n."
- 18 While thus I laid my list'ning ear
 Close to the door of heav'n to hear ;
 And then the sacred page did view,
 Which told me all I heard was true ;
- 19 Yet shew'd me that the heav'nly song
 Surpasses ev'ry mortal tongue,
 With such unutterable strains
 As none in fettering flesh attains :
- 20 Then said I, " O to mount away,
 " And leave this clog of heavy clay !
 " Let wings of time more hasty fly,
 " That I may join the songs on high."

HYMN CCCLXXVII. C. M.

Desiring to join in the Song of Angels.

- 1 FATHER has engross'd my love too long,
 'Tis true I lift mine eyes
 Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits ;
 The God how bright he shines !
 And scatters infinite delights
 On all the happy minds.

- 3 Seraphs with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move, and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, my love, they sing:
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.
- 5 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too:
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.
- 6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
O for some heav'nly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!
- 7 There ye that love my Saviour, sit;
There I would have a place;
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

HYMN CCCLXXVIII. Sevens.

Thanksgiving Hymn. (Tune, Ascension.)

- 1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song!
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing,
Praise to heav'n's Almighty King.
- 2 Blessings from his lib'ral hand,
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts beneath his sway,
Hail the bright triumphant day.
- 3 Lo! the trembling nations stand,
Smote by thy avenging hand;
O'er their wide-extended plains,
Awful desolation reigns.

4 Yet, to Thee our joys ascend,
Thou hast been our heav'nly friend,
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.

5 Here beneath a virtuous sway,
Subjects cheerfully obey,
Here we feel no tyrant's rod,
Here we own, and worship God.

6 Hark! the voice of nature sings,
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the heav'nly notes prolong.

[N. B. The above hymn did not come to hand in season to be inserted in its proper place.]

HOSANNAS AND DOXOLOGIES.

H O S A N N A S.

Long Metre.

1 HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.

2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Zion sing
The growing glories of her King.

Common Metre.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of grace,
Zion, behold thy King;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosanna to th' incarnate word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

Short Metre.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.
- 2 To Christ th' anointed King
Be endless blessings giv'n?
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

Sevens.

SING hosanna to the Lord,
Hail the everlasting word,
Tell his life, his death, his love,
Bow before him now above.

DOXOLOGIES.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or fairs to love the Lord.

Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
And fairs that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the spirit too.

As the 113th Psalm.

NOW to the great and sacred three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit be,
Eternal praise and glory given.

Through all the worlds where God is known,
 By all the angels near the throne,
 And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

As the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's throne,
 Perpetual honors raise,
 Glory to God the Son,
 To God the Spirit praise :
 With all our pow'rs,
 Eternal King,
 Thy name we sing,
 While faith adores.

Eights and Sixes.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be praise amid the heav'nly host,
 And in the church below ;
 From whom all creatures drew their breath,
 By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
 From whom all comforts flow !

Eights.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above !
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

Sevens.

Praise the Father, praise the son,
 Praise the spirit one in three,
 Join the song in heav'n begun
 Glory to the Trinity.

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While the Editors of this volume present their acknowledgments to those persons to whom they are indebted for Original Hymns, they beg leave to inform them, and their friends in general, that, as there is a prospect another edition of these hymns may be required, their favors hereafter will be received with pleasure, and carefully preserved.



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[Owing to an accident which occurred after the work went to press, a few copies of the 65th Hymn were rendered inaccurate: It stands here corrected.]

HYMN LXV. L. M. [See page 55.]

The repenting Prodigal.

1 LO! what a rapturous joy possess
The tender parent's throbbing breast,
To see his spendthrift son return,
And hear him his past follies mourn.

2 Thus our blest Saviour wont despise
The contrite heart for sacrifice;
The deep-fetch'd sigh, the secret groan,
Rises accepted to the throne.

3 He meets, with tokens of his grace,
The trembling lip, the blushing face;
His bowels yearn when sinners pray,
And mercy bears their sins away.

4 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
He, pitying, heals their broken frame;
He hears their sad complaints, and spies
His image in their weeping eyes.





